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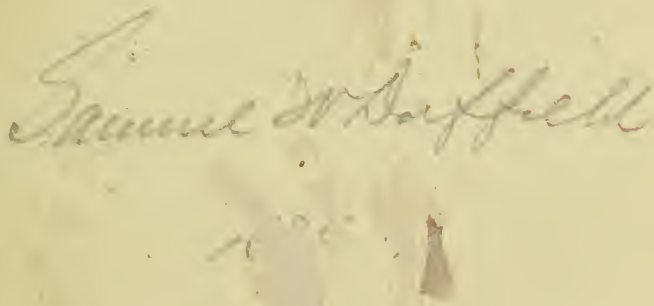

CHRISTIAN HYMNS

AND

HYMN WRITERS.

A COURSE OF LECTURES

BY

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ARCHDEACON AND CANON OF CARLISLE; EXAMINING CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE; FORMERLY FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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PREFACE.

THESE *Lectures* lay no claim to form a set Treatise on Christian Hymns and Hymn Writers. They were delivered, in substance, in the ancient Fratry or Refectory of Carlisle Cathedral, and not without a view to the Cathedral Services. The object of the Lectures was to awaken a more thoughtful and intelligent interest in what is daily becoming a more important portion of public worship in England. It seemed to some who heard them that, if published, they might have this effect over a wider area.

I have here put into the shape of Lectures some of the results of searches prosecuted and notes made about Hymns during many years. The subject itself is indeed inexhaustible. But within so small a compass, no more than a mere outline could be given. I have endeavoured to

compress as much reliable information as possible into the space at my disposal. The number of Christian hymns is to be calculated by thousands; and hymn writers have lived in so many and such different ages of the Christian era, that to establish a principle of selection affords no easy problem. Those hymns have, in the main, been chosen which are most frequently sung in Divine Service, and which are to be found in most of our Hymn Books. The brief account of the writers of these hymns has been given, as far as possible, in a consecutive and historical form. My desire has been to supply a continuous narrative rather than, what is more usual—a special essay or merely a book of reference.

Many excellent Church of England Hymnals are now in use; but references have only been given to the hymns in the three which have been ascertained to have the largest circulation, viz.—*Hymns Ancient and Modern*, *Church Hymns* (S.P.C.K.) and *The Hymnal Companion*. These cover a wide field. There are few well-known hymns used in congrega-

tional singing which cannot be found in one of them. The variations made in hymns by compilers of Hymn Books are so numerous that exact reference is often a matter of difficulty. The lines quoted have, as a rule, been in the words of the author or translator named, and any serious difference has been noted.

The hymns given in the text have been generally selected as specimens of their respective authors, while additional hymns by the same author are often set out in the notes. In the Appendix will be found some hymns which it seemed impossible to pass by altogether, but which are, chiefly, by hymn-writers who have not been previously mentioned.

Except in a few instances, the subject matter of the hymns has not been discussed. Neither the time at my disposal nor the special object in view would admit of this. Moreover, the alterations made in hymns, even in the days of old, are so numerous and so arbitrary, that a boundless field of investigation and controversy at once opens before anyone who enters upon the discussion.

I have carefully abstained from filling the notes with learned references; for the most part, only those works have been referred to which are easy of access. Among others, I have been indebted to the excellent article by Lord Selborne in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the chapters, on the subject of the ancient hymns, in Bingham's *Antiquities of the Christian Church*, and the article s. v. *Kirchenlied* in Herzog and Plitt's *Real-Encyklopädie*. To the many persons who have afforded me valuable private information, I here tender my grateful thanks.

Comparatively few of the many who sing hymns with profit and with pleasure think how often they are expressing words and thoughts which have been on the lips and in the hearts of Christian men for long centuries of time. Few realize this bond of union with the Church of Christ in past days. It should tend to strengthen our faith, when it is felt that "our hymns" are echoed from almost every quarter of the world, and are sung by those who on some points differ totally from ourselves.

Should these *Lectures* induce any persons to study their Hymn Books more, one of my objects in the publication will have been attained. Christian Hymnody is an invaluable supplement to Common Prayer, and proves how close is the connection between prayer and praise. I can only hope that this little work may be accepted as an effort, however humble, to promote the heartfelt worship of Almighty God.

J. E. P.

CARLISLE,
April, 1883.

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CHRISTIAN HYMNS AND HYMN WRITERS.

LECTURE I.

ANCIENT HYMNS AND TRANSLATIONS.

LECTURE I.

HYMNS have always formed an important factor in Christian worship. As such, they must ever be a subject of interest. In this connection, and more especially in their bearing upon public worship, I propose to consider them. I shall not deal much in criticism, nor ventilate many of my own opinions. We shall, as we proceed, light upon many lands; we shall hear of the great principles of our faith as hymned in many tongues; we shall tread with rapid steps along many centuries of time; and we shall note the songs of many men, who were in race, in disposition, in manner of life, as opposite as the poles. But hence, I would prove a point. It is well to have before us a goal for our course of Lectures, a thesis to maintain. And I would prove the fundamental unity of Christian men. We may differ. It is, perhaps, as well that we should differ. We may part; but, as Christians, in Him we are one[1].

[1] "It is refreshing to turn aside from the divisions of the Christian world, and to rest for a little time in the sense of that inward unity, which, after all, subsists among all good Christians." Lord Selborne, *The Book of Praise.*—Preface.

The first Christian hymn of which we hear may be said to have been connected with the first act of Christian worship. It rose upon the night air in that upper room at Jerusalem, so sacred to us all. It was sung by our Blessed Lord and His eleven Apostles. The supper was over. "And when they had sung an hymn," S. Matthew tells us, "they went out into the Mount of Olives." We know what that "hymn" was. It was the last part of the Great Hallel, or Song of Praise. With this, the Passover Feast in general ended. It followed the third cup of the feast, "the cup of blessing." The "hymn" consisted of four psalms, cxv. to cxviii.

This brings before us the question, What is a hymn? We must for a time defer the answer. Definitions are somewhat straitlaced things. We must not tie ourselves up too tightly at present; but we must allow the word a far wider meaning than it now has in the hymn-books which we use.

Before advancing, it will be well for us to go back to those earliest Christian times, and trace very lightly some of the features of their public worship. The Christian Church was "heir to the grand inheritance of the Jewish Church." She was built upon the lines of the Temple and the synagogue. The worship of the Temple was chiefly local and sacrificial. But in the Jewish synagogue, it has been conclusively shewn, may

be found the elements of Christian congregational worship[1].

At first, the little Christian community, even in Pagan cities, was a secession from the synagogue. The emissary of Christianity arrived, himself a Jew, perhaps an Apostle. The Jewish and Gentile converts formed themselves into a new society. They met for worship in some chamber, or some space open to the sky, or, as in times of persecution, some subterranean cemetery. But the model of worship, to which so many of them had been accustomed, they would naturally follow. What that model was, of what the synagogue service then consisted, much has of late become known. Its chief features were—Prayers and Benedictions, Reading of the Law and the Prophets, an Exposition, and Chanting. They chanted certain Psalms and other portions of the Scriptures, and, as well, certain sentences not found in the Scriptures, and often called the Hymnal Sentences[2]. Here, then, we have the germ of the future hymnody of the Church. The Christians

[1] See Freeman, *Principles of Divine Service*, vol. i. p. 62 *seq.* and Milman, *History of Christianity*, vol. ii. p. 17 *seq.*

[2] Here, I am indebted to the labours of Dr Ginsburg. The connection between Jewish and early Christian hymnody has not yet been sufficiently worked out. "Psalmody and hymnody were highly developed in the religious services of the Jews at this time," says Bishop Lightfoot, in his Commentary on the *Epistle to the Colossians;* see also his references there (Col. iii. 16).

would soon use hymns adapted to their faith in Christ. Such, doubtless, were the "hymns and spiritual songs[1]" spoken of by S. Paul (Ephes. v. 19; Col. iii. 16). Fragments of such hymns appear also to be quoted by S. Paul in his Epistles, in passages which are well known, and which have a distinct rhythm[2].

But we must pass on in our hymnal search away from Apostolic times. We emerge from the obscurity which hangs over the latter part of the first century of the Christian era. We soon find the traces we seek; and strangely enough the first are upon heathen soil. In the year of our Lord, 103, a Roman gentleman, known as Pliny the younger, was sent to be governor of the province of Pontus, in the north of Asia Minor. He was a nephew of Pliny, the famous naturalist, who was killed by that eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed the city of Pompeii. He was a man of great literary ability, and seems to have been fond of writing letters, and of preserving them. Ten books of his letters have come down to us. One letter has become famous. In it, Pliny writes to his master, the Emperor Trajan, for advice. In his new province, he had found a very troublesome set of people, called Christians. They

[1] On the distinction between these "hymns" and "spiritual songs," see Lecture ii. p. 46.

[2] See Ephes. v. 14; 1 Tim. iii. 16; vi. 15, 16; 2 Tim. ii. 11—13. In the Greek, their rhythmic character is very apparent.

were very numerous and very obstinate. The contagion of this superstition had spread to every age and rank and sex; and not in the large cities only, but also in the villages and open country. What was he to do with these Christians? He had punished some of them; but they were in such numbers. The difficulty was, he could find little or nothing against them. On strict examination, he learned, that they bound themselves not to do wrong; that it was their custom to meet on a fixed day before light, and to sing together in turn, or antiphonally, a hymn to Christ as God; then to separate, and after a time reassemble in order to eat together a simple and a harmless meal[1].

Here then we have a glimpse of early Christian worship; and we find, as it has been said, that "the first sound which reached the Pagan ear from the secluded sanctuaries of Christianity was a hymn to Christ as God[2]."

From this period, we might quote, had we the time, much evidence, during the next two centuries, of Christian hymns being sung. What then were these primitive hymns? Very early, no doubt, the hymns of the New Testament, such as the *Magnificat,* and *Benedictus* and *Nunc Dimittis,* were introduced. Soon,

[1] Lib. x. Epist. 97.

[2] Milman, *Hist. of Christianity.*

and as a Morning Hymn, we find the "Angelic Hymn," the original form of the *Gloria in Excelsis*, that is, the "Glory be to God on high" of our Communion Service; then, in varied forms, the *Gloria Patri* or Doxology; and then the *Ter Sanctus, Trisagion* or "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts[1]."

But these, though they had a rhythm, had neither rhyme nor metre. And we hasten on to what, with some reason, has been termed "the earliest metrical Christian hymn." It is found in the writings of Clement of Alexandria, at the end of a Greek work called *The Tutor* (*Pædagogus*), written between the years 190 and 195 A.D. It is a hymn for the young, entitled, "A Hymn of the Saviour Christ," addressed to Christ as King, and written in short anapæstic metre. Let us take a few lines from a translation:

King of saints, Almighty Word
Of the Father, highest Lord:
Wisdom's head and chief;
Assuagement of all grief;
Lord of all time and space;
Jesus, Saviour of our race.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

[1] On the above points, see the numerous references given by Bingham, *Antiquities of the Christian Church*, Book xiv. chap. ii. and especially the passages in *The Apostolical Constitutions*, Book vii. chaps. 47, 48.

Let us, with hearts undefiled,
Celebrate the mighty Child.
We, Christ-born, the choir of peace,
We, the people of His love,
Let us sing, nor ever cease,
To the God of peace above[1].

Clement was a copious writer, and the head of the great Christian catechetical school at Alexandria, and the famous Origen was one of his pupils. Alexandria was, at the time, second to no city in the world in literary eminence; and inferior to Rome alone in magnificence. How changed now! A few years after this date, one of those terrible persecutions of the Christians broke out; and Clement fled from the world-renowned city, never to return. The last we hear of him is far away in Cappadocia, comforting a former pupil, Alexander, the future bishop of Jerusalem, who was then a prisoner for the faith. Seventeen hundred years of Church controversy have rolled by since that day; and we look back with pleasure on that pure and simple hymn, on those noble words of faith in Christ, in "Jesus, Saviour of our race."

Another hymn whose author is unknown, quoted by the great writer, Basil, bishop of Cæsarea in the

[1] By Dr W. L. Alexander. The original, which is largely a list of titles and epithets, is given in Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, vol. iii. p. 3.

4th century, has tried to divide these early honours. It is still used in the Greek Church, and is called the Vesper or "Lamplighting" Hymn; but no doubt it is of a later date. The translation by John Keble begins—

"Hail, gladdening Light, of His pure glory poured[1]."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 18)

Little more can be brought out of the darkness of the 3rd century. Probably, very few, if any, metrical hymns were in liturgical use[2]. The music and singing were, we learn, of the simplest character, with very slight inflection of the voice. But with the 4th century, we enter upon what the Germans would call, the birth

[1] Φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἁγίας δόξης. The above translation first appeared in *Lyra Apostolica*, under the signature γ. This hymn has been ascribed, but under a misapprehension, to Athenogenes, who was martyred about 175 A.D. There is a translation by E. W. Eddis in *Church Hymns* 25—

"O Brightness of the Eternal Father's face."

[2] There is a very ancient metrical hymn in the famous manuscript, the Codex Alexandrinus, in the British Museum. It occurs at the end of the Psalms, and is headed "A Morning Hymn," Ὕμνος ἑωθινός. The manuscript belongs probably to the 5th century; the hymn is, of course, very much older, although there is no authority for its ascription to Telephorus, bishop of Rome, who died in 139 A.D. It begins with the words, "Glory to God in the highest" and is a form, if not the original form, of the *Gloria in Excelsis*. An account of it is given by Mr B. Harris Cowper in the Introduction to his edition of *Codex A. New Test.*

year-hundred, or birth century of liturgical Christian hymnody. We shall often note, as we go on, how productive of good hymns have been periods of religious excitement, and especially of religious controversy.

In the preceding century, the 3rd, there had been at Edessa, to the North-east of Syria, a Gnostic heretic, named Bardesanes. Gnosticism was a heresy which had in it much poetry; and Bardesanes was a great poet. He and his son, Harmonius, wrote a number of hymns, in Greek metres, and set them to popular secular melodies. With these, they completely bewitched the ears of the Syrian Christians, and increased the influence of this sect. For many years these heretical hymns retained their great popularity. So attractive were they, that, we learn, the very girls and children knew them by heart, and sang them at their work and at their play. But in the 4th century, there came to Edessa a Christian of distinguished ability, and a keen controversialist, named Ephrem the Syrian. He determined to fight these heretics with their own weapons; and he proved more than a match for them. He composed a large number of orthodox hymns for public and private use, and set them to the same popular tunes. He also trained choirs of young women, who sang these hymns in chorus. So beautiful were his poems, and so successful were his efforts, that it is said the whole city flocked to listen; and the

heretical strains of Bardesanes were for ever driven out of the field.

Ephrem was a most voluminous writer, and much has come down to us in Greek and Syriac, including many hymns. Some of these hymns have been literally translated from the Syriac; but I am not aware that any of the translations occupy a place in our hymn-books. The *Testament* of Ephrem, his last work, is also written in the form of a hymn, and contains some curious passages. He tells us that when he was quite a child on his mother's knee, he saw in a dream what became a reality:—"From my tongue there grew a vine which bore clusters of grapes without end, and leaves without number. Those clusters were sermons, those leaves were hymns, and God was the giver. To Him be glory for His grace." I have said that Ephrem was great in controversy. He writes thus,—"Throughout my whole life, neither by night nor day, have I reviled any one, nor striven with any one. But in their assemblies, I have disputed with those who deny the faith. For if a wolf is entering the fold, and the dog goes not out and barks, the master beats the dog. But a wise man hates no one; or if he hate at all, he hates only a fool." We might learn some lessons from the first Christian hymnologist, Ephrem the Syrian.

The next, and somewhat similar, scene takes us to Constantinople, then the capital of the world, the new

Rome of the East. At the Council of Nicæa in A.D. 325, the famous heretic, Arius, who had denied the Divinity of our Lord, was condemned, and the main part of our Nicene Creed was put forth. Arius had been rebuked by his great opponent, Athanasius, for the light character of certain hymns which he had set to popular tunes, as well as for the doctrines they contained. The Arians might be condemned, but they flourished greatly. And when, more than seventy years after, the renowned John Chrysostom arrived as bishop of Constantinople, he found a strange state of things. The Arians had, some years before, been forbidden by the Emperor Theodosius to have places of worship within the city[1]. But, on Saturdays, and Sundays, and great festivals, they were in the habit of assembling outside the gates, then coming into the city in procession at sunset; and all night, in the porticoes and open places, singing Arian hymns and anthems with choruses. Chrysostom feared that many of the simple and ignorant people would be drawn from the faith. He therefore organised, at the cost of the Empress Eudoxia, wife of Arcadius, nightly processions of orthodox hymn singers, who carried crosses and lights, and with music and much pomp rivalled the

[1] Compare Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chap. xxvii.

efforts of the heretics. Riots and bloodshed were the consequence. The chief officer of the Empress was wounded; and very soon an imperial edict put a stop to Arian hymn-singing in public. The use, however, of hymns in the nocturnal services of the Church became established; and this at once led up to a much freer and more constant use of them in Divine Service generally. We can scarcely fail to note here, especially in these days, what a strange habit history has of repeating herself from time to time.

During this century, many hymns were written for the Eastern Church, by Methodius, bishop of Tyre, and Bishop Gregory Nazianzen, the predecessor of Chrysostom, and by others; of these few came into more modern use. But before we turn to the far West of that day, I would touch upon one hymn. Many have heard of Synesius of Cyrene, bishop of Ptolemais in North Africa. At all events, he is known to the readers of Kingsley's *Hypatia*, where a life-like sketch is given of him—the Squire Bishop who talked philosophy and religion at night, and hunted his hounds with equal zest in the morning. We should scarcely suspect him of being the author of, among others, that most spiritual hymn—

"Lord Jesus, think on me."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 185)

The translation is by A. W. Chatfield—

Lord Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin;
From earthborn passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

. . . . . .

Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is passed,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

There are those who knew the somewhat secular manner of Charles Kingsley at times in public, and also the deep piety of his more spiritual moments, and they have not failed to trace some likeness in character to Synesius, the Squire Bishop, of Cyrene[1].

It is remarkable, that the action of the Arians of the West led up, about the same time, or a little before, to the same result as that produced by the Arians of the East, viz. the establishment of metrical hymns as a constant part of Divine Service. We go, not to Rome, but to her rival in Italy at the time, to Milan, the

[1] Synesius was made bishop, A.D. 410. Among his extant writings, there are ten hymns.

capital of North Italy, the Athens of the West. We meet two of the greatest names in Ecclesiastical history, Augustine and Ambrose. The Church at Milan was rent by strife between the Orthodox and the Arian sympathizers. A violent contest arose on a vacancy in the bishopric. Ambrose was the consular magistrate of the province at the time, an able, high-minded Christian man. He had come down to the Church to keep the peace between the contending parties, when a cry arose amid the tumult, said to have been uttered by a child, "Ambrose for bishop." The cry caught the popular ear. The ardour of the people at length prevailed; and he became perhaps the greatest bishop that the world has seen (A. D. 375). After no slight experience of his strength, the Emperor Theodosius said, "I have known no bishop, except Ambrose." He is one of the few ecclesiastics of whom the historian Gibbon speaks with respect.

The Arians, however, continued their efforts, and they were strongly supported by the court. Ten years after Ambrose had come to the See, a demand was made by the Empress-mother Justina, that one of the basilicas or Churches of Milan should be given up for Arian worship. Ambrose promptly refused. A period of terrible excitement followed. The imperial troops were sent to enforce obedience. Ambrose and the people occupied the basilica day after day. So great was his

influence, that, when at length the soldiers crowded in, they cried out—they had come to pray and not to fight. The court party was worsted.

The next year, the angry empress determined to remove Ambrose. But the devoted people took the alarm. In immense numbers, they gathered about him, and kept guard day and night in the Church, ready if need be, to die with their bishop. Ambrose preached to them, and gave them psalms and hymns and, in some cases, tunes of his own to sing, in order to cheer and sustain them. The court gave way. Again Ambrose was victorious.

Among those anxious worshippers, was Monica, the mother of the great Augustine. Augustine himself tells us:—"at this time it was instituted that, after the manner of the Eastern Churches, hymns and psalms should be sung lest the people should grow weary and faint through their sorrow; which has ever since been retained, and is imitated by almost all the congregations throughout the world[1]." We learn too, from Paulinus, the secretary of Ambrose, and from others, that to these services, thus organized, we owe the introduction of hymns and antiphons into the regular Offices of the Western Churches.

Augustine describes how deeply he himself was

[1] Augustine, *Confessions*, Book ix. chap. 7.

moved by the singing of these "hymns and canticles" about a year afterwards in the Church at Milan. We are anxious to know what they were. Nearly one hundred extant hymns are called "Ambrosian." Most of them belong to that period, or to the next century, and are in imitation of him. About twelve metrical hymns are with good authority ascribed to Ambrose. Augustine distinctly quotes four as being by Ambrose. To one, an evening hymn, he refers under very touching circumstances. It was the night after the funeral of his mother Monica, to whom he was so deeply attached. He had been overwhelmed with grief. "As I lay alone upon my bed," he says, "there came into my mind those true verses of Ambrose, for Thou art—

> Maker of all things! God most High!
> Great Ruler of the starry sky!
> Robing the day in beauteous light;
> In sweet repose the quiet night,
> That sleep may our tired limbs restore,
> And fit for toil and use once more;
> May gently soothe the careworn breast,
> And lull our anxious griefs to rest[1]."

That Latin hymn,

> Deus, Creator omnium,

has been sung many a time in this Cathedral in the days of old.

[1] Augustine, *Confessions*, Book ix. chap. 12.

We must only refer to one or two others, of which we find translations in our hymn books. The Morning hymn,

Splendor Paternæ gloriæ,
"O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 2; *Church Hymns* 10; *Hymnal Comp.* 2)

Translated by J. Chandler.

O Lux beata, Trinitas,
"O Trinity, most blessed Light."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 14)

Translated by J. M. Neale.

The fine Ascensiontide hymn,

Æterne Rex, Altissime,
"O Lord most High, Eternal King."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 144)

Translated by J. M. Neale, but altered.

And, most probably,

Jam lucis orto sidere,
"Now that the daylight fills the sky."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 1; *Church Hymns* 9)

Translated by J. M. Neale.

There is another, a grand Advent hymn, of Ambrose, quoted by Augustine[1] as having been sung in the Church at that time—

[1] *Sermon.* 372. The two others, quoted by Augustine and not mentioned in the text, are—"Æterne rerum conditor," *Retractat.* i. 21, and "Jam surgit hora tertia," *De naturâ*, cap. 63.

Veni, Redemptor gentium,
"Redeemer of the nations, come."[1]

Of hymns *ascribed* to Ambrose, or Ambrosian, there are besides translations of several in our hymn books[2]. All these hymns were written in metre, but not in rhyme, like the later Latin hymns. We learn from Ambrose himself, that the singing of the psalms, and probably of these hymns, was antiphonal or responsive. All were congregational; the harmony, he says, rolling along like the noise of the waves of the sea.

One word on that grandest unmetrical hymn, the Te Deum. We know that Ambrose has, on no good grounds, been said to be its author. The earliest notice of it yet discovered is some 150 years afterwards, in the

[1] Or, as translated, in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 55, by D. T. Morgan,

"O come, Redeemer of mankind, appear."

[2] Such as these are familiar—

Æterna Christi munera,
"The eternal gifts of Christ the King."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 430; *Church Hymns* 193)

Aurora lucis rutilat,
"Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 126)

Te lucis ante terminum,
"Before the ending of the day."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 15; *Church Hymns* 19)

These translations are mainly by J. M. Neale.

Rule of Cæsarius, bishop of Arles, about A. D. 527; but portions of it, undoubtedly, belong to a much earlier date than this, and may be traced to the writings of the Eastern Church even in the 3rd or 4th century.

Some years before the time of Ambrose, hymns appear to have been written in the Western Church; and Hilary, bishop of Poitiers in France, A. D. 354, is spoken of as "the first Latin hymn writer[1]."

Our materials now become so abundant, that henceforth we must, in the main, confine ourselves to those hymns and their authors which are most familiar to us. Content with having traced the rise of Christian hymnody in the East and West, and marked its entry into Divine Service, we must not tarry to follow its course in the daily and other Offices of the Church, a subject itself of no small interest.

At the beginning of the next, the 5th century, but towards the end of his life, a number of very sweet hymns were written by Prudentius. He was a native of Spain, a lawyer and a judge. Two are well known by translations. The Christmas hymn,

[1] By Isidore of Seville about A.D. 630. His Morning hymn

Lucis largitor splendide,

is perhaps, the best known. It was sent in a letter, together with an Evening hymn, to his daughter Abra, by Hilary when he was in exile.

Corde natus, ex Parentis,
"Of the Father's love begotten."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 56; *Church Hymns* 84; *Hymnal Comp.* 74)

Translated by J. M. Neale and Sir H. Baker.

The Epiphany hymn,

O sola magnarum urbium,
"Earth has many a noble city."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 76)

Translated by Edward Caswall[1].

There is a beautiful Greek hymn, written about the middle of that 5th century, and known to all. Its author is Anatolius—

"The day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 21; *Church Hymns* 31; *Hymnal Comp.* 22)

The translator, Dr Neale, says that it is a great favourite in the Greek Isles at the present day.—"It is to the scattered hamlets of Chios and Mitylene what Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn is to the villages of our own land." Anatolius was bishop of Constanti-

[1] To Aurelius Clemens Prudentius, to give his name in full, is also due the hymn for Innocents' Day,

Salvete flores martyrum,
"Sweet flowerets of the martyr band."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 68)

Translated by Sir H. Baker.

These are taken from the *Liber Cathemerinon* of Prudentius.

nople, and joint president of the great Church Council of Chalcedon (A. D. 451) when the See of Constantinople was made equal to that of Rome. He also wrote—

"Fierce was the wild billow;
Dark was the night."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **534**)

This is the third stanza of Neale's translation—

Jesu, Deliverer!
Come Thou to me:
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over Life's sea.
Thou, when the storm of Death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth
—"Peace! It is I."

There are two very famous Latin hymns written by Venantius Fortunatus, who died in A. D. 609, bishop of Poitiers in France—

Vexilla Regis prodeunt,
"The Royal banners forward go,
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **96**; *Church Hymns* **118**)

a processional hymn, but afterwards used on Passion Sunday, the 5th Sunday in Lent[1]. Also,

[1] "This world-famous hymn was composed on occasion of the reception of certain relics by S. Gregory of Tours and S. Radegund, previously to the consecration of a Church at Poitiers."—Neale.

Pange lingua gloriosi proelium certaminis,
"Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle;
Sing the last, the dread affray."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 97; *Church Hymns* 117)

to be carefully distinguished from one by Thomas Aquinas with a similar Latin beginning[1].

We come for a time with pleasure to the shores of what we now call "Old England." Away on the east coast, probably at Jarrow on the Tyne, where he studied and died, was born in A. D. 673 the Venerable Beda or Bede. His great literary attainments and the long list of works which he produced would be very remarkable in any age. But, strange as it may sound, probably nowhere in the world would he have had greater opportunities for study at that time than in the sister monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow to which he belonged. Among his many writings is one entitled, *A Book of Hymns, in several sorts of Metre, or Rhyme.*

[1] The above translations are founded on those of J. M. Neale; those in *Church Hymns* begin respectively—

"The Royal banner is unfurled;"

and

"Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory."

The hymn for the Annunciation,

Quem terra, pontus, aethera,
"The God, Whom earth and sea and sky,"
(*Ancient & Mod.* 449)

is also ascribed to Venantius.

These are in Latin; but he also wrote some Anglo-Saxon hymns. Bede speaks with delight of his care for "the daily singing in the Church;" and he died in the act of chanting, on the evening before Ascension Day A. D. 735, with the words of the *Gloria Patri* upon his lips. Perhaps the two best known of his hymns are—

Precursor altus luminis,
"The great forerunner of the morn,
The herald of the Word is born."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 415)

for S. John Baptist's Day, translated by J. M. Neale; and

Hymnum canentes martyrum,
"A hymn for martyrs sweetly sing."

for Innocents' Day[1].

For our next hymn poet, we pass by a long step from the green shores of England to the desolate region on the west of the Dead Sea. Here, to the monastery of S. Sabas, now called Mar Saba, there retired from the world John Damascene, so named from his native place, Damascus. And here he died about A. D. 780, "the

[1] Another, a hymn for the Ascension, is,

Hymnum canamus gloriæ,
"Sing we triumphant songs of praise."

An excellent and concise account of Bede and his writings, written by Rev. G. F. Browne, M.A., is to be found in *The Fathers for English Readers* (S. P. C. K.).

last Father," as he is termed by Gibbon, "of the Greek Church." He played an important part in the literary warfare of the age, and boldly entered the lists against Leo, the Emperor of the East[1]. Just as the parched traveller in some sandy desert dreams of green fields and purling streams, so, we can fancy, John of Damascus, lately the fierce warrior in the great Iconoclastic controversy, now the aged and weary anchorite in this barren and dry land, bursting forth into the popular hymn of to-day—

Those eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the throne of God:
Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight?
Who at length attain them
Clad in robes of white?
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

[1] John Mansur, as he was otherwise called, attacked with great vigour, in his *Orations*, the Byzantine Emperor Leo, when the latter issued his decrees against the iconoclasts. He wrote with energy also against the Muhammadans of his day, and among whom he lived. These, with others of his writings, are extant. To him is due the famous saying:—"The well being of the State pertains to princes, but the ordering of the Church to pastors and teachers." Compare Robertson, *History of the Christian Church*, Book iv. chap. 4. Milman, *Latin Christianity*, Book iv. chap. 7.

While we do our duty,
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side.
What though sad the story
Of this life's distress:
Oh, the future glory!
Oh, the loveliness.

(*Church Hymns* **524**; *Hymnal Comp.* **234**)

Translated by J. M. Neale.

Dean Stanley in his work on the *Eastern Church* gives a vivid description of Easter Day morning at Athens, the joyous congratulations, the exulting shouts "Christ is risen," "Christ is risen," and the chanting of what he calls "the glorious old hymn of victory." That "old hymn of victory" is by this same John Damascene:—

"The Day of Resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **132**; *Church Hymns* **137**; *Hymnal Comp.* **186**)

He also wrote the hymn for Low Sunday, or Eastertide, beginning,

"Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **133**; *Church Hymns* **135**)

The translations are both by J. M. Neale.

Another hymn, now also deservedly popular, was

written by his nephew, Stephen the Sabaite, an inmate of the same monastery of S. Sabas—

"Art thou weary, art thou languid?"

(*Ancient & Mod.* **254**; *Church Hymns* **333**; *Hymnal Comp.* **142**)

translated by J. M. Neale[1].

An interesting legend is given concerning a hymn written at the beginning of the 9th century—the hymn for Palm Sunday—

Gloria, laus et honor Tibi,
"All glory, laud, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King,"

(*Ancient & Mod.* **98**; *Church Hymns* **113**; *Hymnal Comp.* **160**)

translated by J. M. Neale.

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[1] Another of these Greek hymn poets should be mentioned here, S. Joseph of the Studium in the early part of the 9th century. He was a Sicilian who, after many adventures, retired to the great abbey of the Studium at Constantinople: see Neale's *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, p. 125. To him and to Dr Neale, we owe :—

"Let our choir new anthems raise."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **441**; *Church Hymns* **200**)

"O happy band of pilgrims."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **224**; *Church Hymns* **468**; *Hymnal Comp.* **325**)

"Safe home, safe home in port."

(*Church Hymns* **492**; *Hymnal Comp.* **486**)

which was sung to Dr Neale when he lay upon his death-bed; and

"Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **423**; *Church Hymns* **186**; *Hymnal Comp.* **364**)

Theodulph had been made bishop of Orleans by the Emperor Charlemagne. His son, the Emperor Lewis, suspecting Theodulph of conspiring against the throne, deprived him of his See, and cast him into prison in Metz. On Palm Sunday, the emperor, his court, and the clergy went in solemn procession through the city of Metz to the Church. As they passed the window of his prison, Theodulph, or choristers instructed by him, sang this hymn which he had composed. The emperor was so struck by the hymn and by the devotion of the moment, that he ordered the immediate release of the bishop. Ever since, it has been sung on Palm Sunday in the Western Church[1].

Before touching upon a few of the most celebrated hymns, I will just mention that the so-called "Alleluiatic Sequence"—

> Cantemus cuncti melodum,
>
> "The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia."
>
> (*Ancient & Mod.* 295; *Church Hymns* 516; *Hymnal Comp.* 528)

translated by J. M. Neale, was written by Godescalcus, or Gottschalk, of the monastery of S. Gall, near Constance,

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[1] See Daniel, *Thesaurus Hymnol.* i. 216. The hymn is given in *The Sarum Missal*, to be sung outside on the south of the Church when going in procession, the first verse to be repeated as a chorus.

who died about A. D. 950, and of whom little more is known[1].

But what is a Sequence? In the Service of the Western Church, the *Alleluia*, the "Praise ye the Lord," followed the *Gradual*, or Anthem sung between the Epistle and the Gospel. It had become the custom to prolong the last syllable of the *Alleluia* to a great number of notes, while the reader of the Gospel went to his place. A monk of this same monastery of S. Gall, named Notker, conceived the idea of replacing this interminable syllable of the *Alleluia* by words set to the series of notes[2]. This from its position and form, being in rhythmical prose, was called a "Sequence" or "Prose". These Sequences thus came into common use. One written by Notker, who died about A. D. 912, is familiar to us. From it were taken the solemn words in our Burial Service—"In the midst of life we are in death"—with the sentences following. It is said to have been suggested to Notker as he watched the samphire

[1] Early in the 9th century, there was a German monk of the same name, who took up such strong predestinarian views that he was condemned as a heretic; with him our writer must not be confounded (see Milman, *Latin Christianity*, Book viii. Chap. 5). Translations of two more of his Sequences are given in Neale's *Mediæval Hymns*, p. 34.

[2] As a rule, the *Alleluia* was not sung between Septuagesima and Easter.

gatherers on the cliffs of S. Gall pursue their dangerous calling[1].

A king, and a very weak king, Robert II. of France, was the author of what Archbishop Trench styles "the loveliest of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry." It is called also "The Golden Sequence," and is in metrical form:—

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
"Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 156)

Translated by Edward Caswall[2].

Robert II. wrote many hymns and chants, and was an excellent musician, but quite unequal to deal with those turbulent times, or that turbulent woman, his wife, Constantia. This hymn seems to tell of the sorrows and troubles through which he had passed. He was in the habit of going to the Church of S. Denis, where he was afterwards buried in the year 1031; there crowned and in his royal robes, he used to direct the choir, and sing in the Service with the monks.

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[1] According to others, as he saw the workmen throwing a bridge across a dangerous torrent near the monastery. This Sequence was for a time used as a battle song; Luther made a metrical version of it which was much used as a funeral hymn.

[2] The translation by J. M. Neale,

"Come, Thou Holy Paraclete,"
(*Hymnal Comp.* 251)

is inferior to this.

It may be well to notice, in this connection, the celebrated hymn—

Veni, Creator Spiritus.

It is known to us best by the rendering in the Prayer Book—

"Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 157; *Church Hymns* 346; *Hymnal Comp.* 537)

The authorship has been ascribed to the Emperor Charlemagne, to Gregory the Great and to others, but on no good authority. The earliest recorded instance of its use was in A.D. 898, at the translation of some relics, as mentioned in the *Annals* of the Benedictines[1]; doubtless, it is older. It has been long used throughout Western Christendom on occasions of special solemnity,—the coronation of kings, the consecration of bishops, the ordination of priests, the celebration of synods and the election of popes. It is the only metrical hymn, out of the many in use before, which has been retained in our Book of Common Prayer. The translation noted above appeared in the Ordinal of the Prayer Book in 1662. It was probably made by Bishop Cosin, and is found in his *Collection of Private Devotions* (1627). The second and longer rendering in

[1] See Daniel, *Thesaurus Hymnol.* i. 214. In the *Sarum Breviary*, it is directed to be used at the Hour of Terce for the first three days during the Octave of Pentecost.

our Prayer Book first appeared in the earlier Prayer Book of 1552, when the Ordinal was first added—

"Come, Holy Ghost, eternal God,"

and was probably by the early Reformers. There is also a free popular translation by John Dryden—

"Creator Spirit, by whose aid."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 248)

and one by Edward Caswall—

"Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 347)

We must now turn to the two contemporary Bernards, Bernard of Clairvaux and Bernard of Clugny. Bernard, the Abbot of Clairvaux, or the great Bernard, was born at Fontaine in Burgundy, in 1091. To him we owe the following :—

"Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 178; *Hymnal Comp.* 287)

a translation by Edward Caswall;

"Jesu, the very thought is sweet,
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 177; *Church Hymns* 402; *Hymnal Comp.* 286)

translated by J. M. Neale; and

"Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 190; *Church Hymns* 403; *Hymnal Comp.* 376)

an excellent translation by the American, Dr Ray Palmer.

These are all from portions of the one metrical Latin poem, 200 lines long, generally known as—

Jesu, dulcis memoria[1].

From another of Bernard's pieces,

Salve Caput cruentatum,

is translated, by Sir Henry Baker—

"O sacred Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!"
(*Ancient & Mod.* 111)[2]

I must leave you to study the very interesting life of this Bernard, of one who had perhaps a wider *personal* influence than any man on the roll of European

[1] From the same are translated,

"Jesu, Thy mercies are untold,"
(*Ancient & Mod.* 189)

"O Jesu, King most wonderful,"
(*Ancient & Mod.* 178. Part 2)

"O Jesu, Thou the Beauty art,"
(*Ancient & Mod.* 178. Part 3)

all by Edward Caswall.

[2] The version beginning—

"O sacred Head, once wounded,"
(*Hymnal Comp.* 172)

is by J. W. Alexander (1849), and is really taken from the famous German translation made by the poet Gerhardt, who died 1676,

"O Haupt voll blut und wunden."

history. The kings of France and of England, the emperor of Germany and the Pope were really guided and inspired by him; and his persuasive eloquence ruled the fortunes of Europe. Born of a noble family, at the age of twenty-two he joined the then new monastery of Citeaux in Burgundy, belonging to the great Cistercian order. But the practical founder of that order was Bernard; as Luther called him, "the best monk that ever lived[1]." Within three years, through his influence, Citeaux was full to overflowing; and Bernard led out the first colony to a barren and desolate valley in Champagne, called the Valley of Wormwood, notorious as a den of robbers. Bernard changed its name to *Clara Vallis*, Clairvaux, the Bright Valley. Such they soon made it. No offers of grandeur or of high office could draw him away. His followers took the dignities. He died in 1153, the humble abbot, the intellectual master of his age, "ascending," says the old chronicler, "from the Bright Valley to the mountain of eternal brightness[2]."

[1] The true founder of the order was Stephen Harding, an Englishman. Luther's remarks on Bernard were not entirely complimentary, e.g. "the best monk that ever lived, whom I love beyond all the rest put together; yet he dared to say, it were a sign of damnation if a man quitted his monastery."—*Table Talk.*

[2] Compare Milman, *Latin Christianity*, Book viii. chap. 4; Robertson, *Christian Church*, Book vi. chap. 8.

The other Bernard, Bernard of Clugny, is sometimes called "of Morlaix," from Morlaix in Brittany where he was born, although of English parents. He lived and died a monk of the magnificent abbey of Clugny in Auvergne; and dedicated his famous poem to Peter the Venerable, the abbot and general of his order, and himself a distinguished poet. This poem, about 3000 lines in length, is entitled, "On Contempt of the World," but begins with a description of the glory of heaven—

Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus.

A translation of part of this poem, 442 lines in length, was made by Dr Neale, and published under the title—*The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix*[1].

The hold it has got on the affections of Christian people is manifest when we know that from this translation are taken these familiar hymns—

Hic breve vivitur, hic breve fletur,
"Brief life is here our portion."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 225; *Church Hymns* 341; *Hymnal Comp.* 239)

O bona patria,
"For thee, O dear, dear country."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 227; *Church Hymns* 365; *Hymnal Comp.* 239)

[1] In 1859; afterwards published in *Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*, p. 71.

and

Urbs Syon aurea,
"Jerusalem the golden."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 228; *Church Hymns* 395; *Hymnal Comp.* 239)

Another from the same source is,

"The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 226)

There is a touching little story told with some just pride by Dr Neale, of a child who was ill and in great suffering. The medical attendants could do but little to ease its agonies of pain. But the child would lie without a murmur and almost without motion while the whole of those 400 lines on the better country were being read to it.

We cannot dwell upon the hymns of Adam of S. Victor, Bonaventura and others who lived at the end of the 12th and the beginning of the 13th centuries. The former is called by Archbishop Trench, "the greatest of the Latin hymnologists of the middle ages[1]." Few of their hymns appear in our hymn-books.

[1] *Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 53. "The greatest of mediæval poets," says Dr Neale. He was called S. Victor from the Abbey of S. Victor near Paris. Among his hymns are,

Heri mundus exultavit,
"Yesterday with exultation,"
(*Ancient & Mod.* 64)

for S. Stephen's day. [The

Before we conclude, I must refer to two most celebrated hymns, one the *Stabat Mater dolorosa*, which has been wedded by Rossini to such exquisite music. It appears in the version—

"At the Cross, her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **117**)

an altered form of Bishop Mant's translation[1].

The *Stabat Mater* was written at the end of the 13th century by Jacobus de Benedictis, or more familiarly Jacopone da Todi, so called from Todi of Umbria, in Italy, where he was born. He was of noble family, a lawyer; but the sudden death of his wife by an accident led him to become a lay brother of the order of

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The Passion hymn of Bonaventura—the "*Doctor Seraphicus*," formerly Giovani di Fidenza—

Quam dispectus, quam dejectus,

is translated by Rev. Frederick Oakeley,

"In the Lord's atoning grief."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **105**)

[1] Bishop Mant's translation begins—

"By the Cross sad vigil keeping."

The first verse of the Latin hymn is

Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius;
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristantem et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

S. Francis. By his rough humorous rhymes, he did very much to reform the religious abuses of his day. He wrote hymns in Latin and Italian, some of which, we are told, were of no little comfort to him when his own last hours drew on.

The other hymn is the famous *Dies Iræ*, "Day of Wrath," written by Thomas of Celano, in Italy, the friend and biographer of Francis of Assisi, in the 13th century. No Latin hymn is so famous as this. How many authors and translators has it inspired!

"Day of wrath! O day of mourning!"
(*Ancient & Mod.* 398; *Church Hymns* 355; *Hymnal Comp.* 68)

a fine translation by Dr Irons;

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 206; *Hymnal Comp.* 63)

a translation by Sir Walter Scott, and introduced by him with such effect at the close of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, at the requiem in the Abbey of Melrose; and

"Day of judgment, day of wonders,
Hark, the trumpet's awful sound."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 65)

which is a translation by John Newton.

The *Dies Iræ* appears in the *Sarum Missal* among the "Memorials for the dead," and is headed "A Prose for the Departed."

The great German writer Goethe has also introduced the hymn into his wonderful play of Faust, in the Cathedral scene at the end of the first part. The hymn has found expression in the grand music of Mozart. Dr Johnson loved to quote it in his most solemn moments. With Sir Walter Scott, it was ever a special favourite; and we know, that in his last days, when his great mind was failing fast, he was often heard to murmur some of the words of this sublime hymn—

> "Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
> Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away[1]."

I venture to hope that our consideration of these hymns may, perhaps, lead us to think a little more of the words as we sing them.

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[1] The effect of the peculiar metre and of the triple rhyme in the Latin hymn "has been likened to blow following blow of the hammer on the anvil" (Trench). A few lines are quoted—

> Dies iræ, dies illa
> Solvet sæclum in favilla
> Teste David cum Sibylla.
>
> Judex ergo quum sedebit,
> Quidquid latet apparebit,
> Nil inultum remanebit.
>
> Quid sum miser tum dicturus,
> Quem patronum rogaturus,
> Quum vix justus sit securus?

Instead of the third line there is read in the *Paris Breviary* and elsewhere,

> Crucis expandens vexilla,

in reference to S. Matt. xxiv. 30.

And in conclusion I will point my moral with a tale, a mediæval tale, which I first saw quoted by Rev. S. J. Stone, the author of the beautiful hymn,

"The Church's one foundation[1]."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 215; *Church Hymns* 509; *Hymnal Comp.* 285)

It is found in a book of poems entitled *Legenda Monastica.* It tells us, how seven holy men resolved to dedicate their lives to God, and took for their chapel a lovely forest glade. One grief they had; they were old and not musical. Their abbot, therefore, gave them leave simply to say, instead of singing, their chants and hymns. God would accept it, if they brought the best they had to bring. But he positively excepted the *Magnificat,* which they were directed to try and chant as best they could. "So," goes on the poem—

"So every day, at Vesper time, Magnificat was heard.
'Tis said, that from the boughs above, it frightened every bird,
For all were out of tune, and each a different chant did try;
But up in heaven, where hearts are known, it made sweet melody."

[1] Also of—

"Weary of earth and laden with my sin."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 252; *Church Hymns* 544; *Hymnal Comp.* 149)

One Christmas Eve a young stranger joined them, to whose exquisite singing they listened in amaze:—

"And each one in his heart exclaimed, 'Thank God that on this night
One is among us who can sing Magnificat aright.'
But had they marked the stranger's face, and seen how all his thought
Was on his own melodious voice—how *self* was all he sought—
They would have known, that up in heaven that voice was never heard;
For though the *birds* came flying back, CHRIST could not hear a word."

At the close of their service, an angel appeared demanding why no praise had been offered "on that night so blest." Thereupon, in much fear, they bade depart that melodious stranger:—

"Then bursting forth into the chants, it was their wont to sing,
High up in heaven, their hymn of praise, with fervent heart they fling.
And the angel bare it on with him, to heaven's Lord and King."

LECTURE II.

THE REFORMATION PERIOD.

LECTURE II.

In our last Lecture we avoided any definition of a "hymn." We deferred our consideration of the word. The time has now come when some more restricted meaning of the terms "psalm" and "hymn" has become necessary. The word "hymn" is essentially a Greek, and not a Latin, word. Among the Greeks, a hymn was a song or poem, often in honour of some famous person, often on occasions of war, or of marriage. It was generally in metre, and was said to be "hymned." I will mention but one—the hymn to Zeus or Jupiter of the Greek poet, Cleanthes, about 300 B. C.[1] From this, Aratus took the words which his more famous countryman, the scholar and Apostle S. Paul, addressed to the men of Athens—"For we are also his offspring."

We turn to the Septuagint or Greek Version of the Old Testament, and we find that the psalms are there

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[1] See the account s. v. in the *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.*

also called "hymns"; for instance "the hymns (in the Authorized Version 'prayers') of the son of Jesse are ended" (Ps. lxxii. 20). From the Septuagint we also get the word "Psalms," as used in the Christian Church. In the original Hebrew they are called *Tehillim*, "Praises," "Songs of Praise." A "psalm" implied a musical accompaniment, such as a psaltery or other stringed instrument, from *psallo* (ψάλλω), to touch or pull. The "hymn" has now a very wide range, and includes the "psalm[1]." Augustine gave a definition which was long accepted in the ancient days of the Church:—"Hymns are songs containing the praise of God[2]." But we have seen, that they very early contained prayer and meditation as well as praise. And such are their characteristics in modern times. Sometimes, hymns had merely rhythm, like the *Te Deum* or any of the Psalms. At others, they had metre, and were in verse; and at a later period, they also were in rhyme. What we have to deal with are nearly all rhymed and metrical hymns.

[1] When S. Paul distinguished "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," or "odes" (Ephes. v. 18; Col. iii. 16), he probably referred "psalms" to the Psalms of David, "hymns" to songs of praise which were essentially of a *Christian* character, and the "songs" or "odes," the general word for songs, to all kinds of songs and including the two former—only they were to be "spiritual"; see also p. 6.

[2] Augustine, *Enarr. in Ps.* lxxii. Lat.

The "Reformation period" covers a wide field. It is hard to say when the Reformation began. It grew from small beginnings, a necessity in men's minds. Hymns played a by no means unimportant part in bringing it about. Some of the hymns of the later Roman Church had asserted her peculiar doctrines with equal boldness and power. We may instance the hymns of Thomas Aquinas, of Aquino in Naples, in the 13th century, the "Angelic Doctor" as he was called, the greatest of the Schoolmen. Five of these hymns set out the Roman doctrine of Transubstantiation with great force and accuracy, and are said to have done no little to secure its after prevalence. They were written for the festival of Corpus Christi, which Aquinas induced Pope Urban IV. to institute in 1264. Translations of some of these, of course very much altered, are given in our Hymnals:—

Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis mysterium,
"Now, my tongue, the mystery telling."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 309)

translated by the Compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern;*

Adoro Te devote, latens Deitas,
"Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 312; *Church Hymns* 216)

translated by Bishop Woodford. This was never, says

Dr Neale, in public use in the mediæval Church[1]. It is fairly open to question whether these, although, as I said, much altered and adapted, are wisely inserted in our Church Hymnals. It would seem to be unnecessary with so many hundreds of beautiful hymns of all kinds at our disposal. We may, perhaps, echo the hope expressed by Bishop Alexander, "that our hymn writers will not sail too near the wind, whether towards the coast of Italy, or in the opposite direction of Plymouth Sound." But what can we say, when we find a translation of that first Sacramental hymn in

[1] The others are—

Verbum supernum prodiens,
"The heavenly Word proceeding forth."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 311)

translated by J. M. Neale, but altered.

Ecce panis angelorum,
"Lo, the angels' Food is given."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 310)

a translation by Sir H. Baker of the last two verses of, perhaps the most famous, beginning—

Lauda Sion salvatorem.

This it would be impossible to adapt to a Church of England version. The fifth hymn for the Festival of Corpus Christi, which was held on the Thursday after the Octave of Pentecost, was—

Sacris solemniis juncta sint gaudia,
"Let this our solemn Feast
With holy joys be crowned."

a translation by J. D. Chambers given in his *Sarum Psalter*. The Latin hymns are in Daniel, *Thesaurus Hymnol.* i. 251; ii. 97.

the New Congregational Hymn Book, and in that of the Religious Tract Society?

We must not run away with the too common opinion, that the unreformed Service Books in England contained only hymns which were doctrinally objectionable. The great majority were not so. It is capable of clear proof that in this Cathedral of Carlisle, just before the Reformation, the Sarum Psalter and Missal were used; and not those of York, or Hereford, or any other Use. Among the hymns of the Sarum Breviary, which were sung at the daily Hours of prayer, were many of those beautiful ancient hymns which we considered in our last Lecture. There are two, not indeed in the ordinary Sarum Breviary, but very common, and, there is little doubt, once sung here—

Alleluia, dulce carmen,
"Alleluia, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy that cannot die."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 82; *Church Hymns* 102; *Hymnal Comp.* 530)

This is from a hymn of the 9th century, whose author is unknown; it is founded on the translation made by J. M. Neale[1].

[1] This is placed by Dr Neale not earlier than the 13th century; but both this and the *Alleluia Perenne* are found in Breviaries and Hymnaries of the 10th and 11th centuries. See the references in Chamber's translation of the *Sarum Psalter*, pp. 76, 78. These hymns were sung "in Septuagesima on the Lord's Day."

The other, the *Alleluia Perenne*, so called from its refrain—"An endless Alleluia"—is also by an unknown author:

"Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 296; *Church Hymns* 497)

The translation is by the Rev. John Ellerton.

With such as these, the members of the Roman Church were not contented. When they revised their Breviary, they reformed the whole body of their hymns, commencing in 1523 under Pope Leo X. Many of the ancient hymns were expunged; others were altered so that they could scarcely be recognized. This work was completed under Pope Urban VIII. in 1631, before the last revision of our Prayer Book in 1662. Thus the Hymnary was produced which is in general use in Roman Catholic Churches throughout the world[1].

It is strange that the compilers of our Prayer Book did not at the first retain the equally beautiful hymns, as well as so many of the prayers, of the old Service books? It was the wish of Archbishop Cranmer, that, as had been done in Germany, they should in England keep the best of the hymns of the ancient Church. In King Henry VIII.'s Primer, ordered in 1545 to be used throughout the kingdom, there are English metrical

[1] In some Roman Catholic churches, other hymnaries are also in use. On the hymns introduced at a later period into the *Paris* Breviary, see below, p. 107.

translations of some of the more noted ancient hymns. But with the first Prayer Book of Edward VI. in 1549, there fell a darkness upon the hymnody of the public worship of the Church of England which lasted for nigh 300 years. The causes which brought this about, we shall note later on. We must now go to Germany, and see what had been done there.

A great name at once meets us, not simply of a reformer, but of a musician and a poet, Martin Luther, born in 1483 at the village of Eisleben in Saxony. "In the history of the Reformation," says Hallam, "incomparably the greatest name." We cannot enter on the details of his life, but must just sketch the incidents which bear upon his hymns. His father was a poor miner. The young boy, as children often did in those times, sang for alms in the public streets. At the age of eighteen, he entered the University of Erfurt. There intended for the law, he greatly distinguished himself. He devoted himself much to literature and music. But soon he began to be troubled with religious doubts and scrup'es. Despite the dissuasions of his father and others, he entered the Augustine Convent at Erfurt. "Of a truth, I was a pious monk," he says..."If ever a monk got to heaven by monkery, I was determined to get there." Still, it was an aged monk who comforted his distress of mind, who taught him that Christ was the atonement for all sins, *and* that this was declared

in the Apostles' Creed. It was in the Convent Library that he found the copy of the Scriptures, not seen by him before, which had such an effect on him and on the Christian world. Familiar to all must be his appointment as professor at the new University of Wittenberg, his visit to Rome and the shock it gave him, his long contest with the emissaries of the Papal power, and then his bold act of defiance, the burning of the Papal bull of condemnation, in November 1520, at the Elster gate of Wittenberg. The great concourse of people looked on and shouted. "The Pope," says Thomas Carlyle, "should not have provoked that shout. It was the shout of the awakening of nations[1]."

All through his life, Luther was intensely fond of music and of poetry. The time had come when they were to be mighty powers in his hand. The most celebrated of Luther's hymns was his paraphrase of the 46th Psalm—

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,
"A sure stronghold our God is He,
A trusty shield and weapon."

It is believed to have been written by Luther when he was on his way to the Diet of Worms in 1521. Thither he had been summoned, by the Emperor

[1] Carlyle, *Lectures on Heroes*, "The Hero as Priest."

Charles V. and the other Princes of the Empire, to appear and answer for himself, whether he would recant or not. His friends tried to dissuade him from going. They reminded him that John Huss was burned to death. To one of them, Spalatin, he wrote thus—"If there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs, I would on, and would not be afraid. If Huss was burned to ashes, the truth was not burned with him[1]." As he went to the Hall of the Diet, the vast crowds called upon him to be firm. He passed on singing this hymn :—

A sure stronghold our God is He,.
A trusty shield and weapon;
Our help He'll be and set us free
From every ill can happen.
That old malicious foe
Intends us deadly woe;
Arm'd with the strength of hell
And deepest craft as well,
On earth is not his fellow.

Through our own force we nothing can,
Straight were we lost for ever;
But for us fights the proper Man,
By God sent to deliver.

[1] See Miss Winkworth's *Christian Singers of Germany.*

Ask ye who this may be?
Christ Jesus named is He,
Of Sabaoth the Lord;
Sole God to be adored;
'Tis He must win the battle.

And were the world with devils fill'd,
All eager to devour us,
Our souls to fear should little yield,
They cannot overpower us.
Their dreaded Prince no more
Can harm us as of yore;
Look grim as e'er he may,
Doom'd is his ancient sway;
A word can overthrow him.

Still shall they leave that Word its might,
And yet no thanks shall merit;
Still is He with us in the fight
By His good gifts and Spirit.
E'en should they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Though all of these be gone,
Yet nothing have they won—
God's kingdom ours abideth[1]!

[1] *Lyra Germanica*, Series i. pp. 175, xviii, a translation by Rev. W. Gaskell. It is said by some to have been composed after the second Diet of Spires in 1529, when the *protest* was made and the name *Protestant* given; but this can scarcely be the case as it appears in a Collection dated 1529.

It was part of Luther's faith that there were devils about continually besetting men. Perhaps, he was right.

Luther also composed the grand tune or chorale to this hymn[1], and sang it often afterwards. The hymn was soon a favourite with the people, and went by his name. It became, as Heine called it, "the Marseillaise of the Reformation." It has cheered on armies to the battle. It has lived in the hearts of the German nation. Its first line is cut on Luther's tomb at Wittenberg; "and by it, he, being dead, yet speaketh."

From this time of trial onward, Luther worked earnestly at Church music and hymns. He knew what a powerful instrument they would prove. He gathered his musical friends together, his "house-choir," as he called them, to help him in the selection of suitable and popular tunes. He himself wrote thirty-seven hymns, some of them translations from the old Latin originals, which *he* counted as among the good things which God's power had kept alive. Successive hymn books were compiled and put forth[2]. Luther himself

[1] It is the tune to which is taken Sir Henry Baker's hymn—

"Rejoice to-day with one accord."

[2] The first published was the *Erfurter Enchiridion* or *Handbook* in 1524; but Luther had put out a small volume of eight hymns in 1522.

taught the people to sing from them. The result was astounding. Hymns printed too on single sheets, with tunes, were carried over Germany by wandering students and pedlars. They were sung everywhere—in the fields, the streets, the workshops, the cottages, as well as in the Churches. "The whole people," wrote a Romanist at the time, "is singing itself into this Lutheran doctrine." "Luther did as much," said Coleridge, "for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible." Anyhow, they had a marvellous effect upon Christian worship in the land, and gave it that noble congregational character which it has never lost.

Two more of his hymns must be noticed, though scarcely well adapted to our Services. One, perhaps the most popular at that day, is a remarkable epitome of the doctrine of salvation through Christ:

> Nun freut euch, lieben Christen gemein,
> "Dear Christian people, now rejoice,
> Our hearts within us leap."

Its tune is that which we know so well, and use to what is often called "Luther's hymn"—but which, we shall see, is not Luther's—

> "Great God, what do I see and hear?"

Luther is said to have noted the tune down as he heard a travelling artizan singing it. "Many hundred Christians," says a writer of the time, "have been

brought to the true faith by that one hymn alone[1]." The didactic character of this and of many of the hymns of that period has prevented their introduction into general public worship. After Luther's death, there was an assembly at Frankfurt, in 1557, of many of the Princes who had embraced the reformed religion. They wished to have an Evangelical service in one of the Churches. A great congregation came together. But a Roman Catholic priest occupied the pulpit, and improved the occasion. They listened for a time in silence. Then the immense body of people rose to their feet; and they one and all burst forth into this hymn with the magnificent roll of its grand tune. Before they had finished, the preacher had gone.

The other hymn—

> Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu Dir,
> "Out of the depths I cry to Thee."

was composed by Luther in 1524, in the very midst of his contest and his troubles. Later, during the Diet of Augsburg in 1530, he was one day so overcome with what he had gone through, that he fainted. On recovering, he said to his friends, "Come let us defy the devil and praise God by singing the hymn—Out of the

[1] Compare Miss Winkworth's *Christian Singers of Germany*, p. 112, who gives a translation of the hymn, and to whom I am much indebted here.

depths I cry to Thee." It is said to have been the last Protestant hymn sung in Strasburg Cathedral. It has ever been one of the funeral hymns of Germany; and was sung by the vast concourse who, in 1546, attended the body of Luther to the grave.

A truly great man and a good man; at times bold and rough, but withal tender and loving as a child. I part, with regret, from—"the monk who shook the world."

The history of the darkness which so long brooded over English hymnody is not a little curious. One would have thought that the light, which had shone in Germany, would have appeared and been followed in this country. The darkness spread hither from France and Geneva. A metrical translation of part of the Psalms was made about 1540 by Clément Marot, groom of the chambers to the French King, Francis I. He dedicated his work to the King, and 'aux dames de France.' Being set to popular airs, these psalms became very fashionable, alike in the court and among the people[1]. Before this, Marot had got into disgrace at

[1] Marot published fifty-two Psalms "traduitz en rithm Francais selon la verité Hébraique." There is a strange account of the rage for these Psalms which took possession of the French court, in D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, under the heading "Psalm-singing." Marot anticipated in his Preface what Calvin carried out :—

court, turned Calvinist, and gone to Geneva. The atmosphere of Geneva did not suit the gay poet. He went back *to* his country, and *from* Calvinism. His *Psalms*, however, lived, in Geneva as well as in France. For just then, Calvin was organizing the reformed Church of Geneva. He feared, as he said, that in a religious service limited to prayer and preaching only, the congregation would remain cold and inattentive. He felt that music and singing were a power to be used on the side of the Reformation. But he had got the unfortunate belief, already condemned in the ancient Church[1], that everything sung in Divine worship must be taken directly from the Scriptures. Marot's *Psalms*, completed

"O bien heureux qui voir pourra
Fleurir le temps, que l'on orra
Le laboreur à sa charrue,
Le charretier parmy la rue,
Et l'artisan en sa boutique
Avecques un PSEAUME ou cantique,
En son labeur se soulager;
Heureux qui orra le berger
Et la bergere en bois estans
Faire que rochers et estangs
Après eux chantent la hauteur
Du saint nom de leur Createur.
Commences, dames, commencez
Le siècle doré! avancez!
En chantant d'un cueur debonnaire
Dedans ce saint cancionnaire."

[1] At the fourth Council of Toledo, A.D. 633, when Isidore of Seville presided.

by the famous Theodore Beza, with a simple musical notation, came in opportunely. They were adopted; and a music master, who was paid by the State, gave three lessons a week to several choirs of children. The system grew; and Marot's *Psalms* for centuries enslaved the Protestants of Switzerland and France[1].

About the same period, there was in England another groom of the robes, groom to King Henry VIII., and afterwards to Edward VI.—Thomas Sternhold. He was a native of Hampshire, educated at Oxford; and he also made a metrical translation of a portion of the Psalms. A zealous reformer, Sternhold was anxious to do away with the improper songs used about the Court. I am afraid he was not successful. Little more is known of him. Thirty-seven of these psalms were published just about the time of his death in 1549[2]. Another edition was put out in 1551 with seven psalms by John Hopkins, who had taken a degree at Oxford and became a clergyman in Suffolk. During Queen Mary's reign, the English refugees at Geneva made some additions. On their return, when Elizabeth came to the throne, this Version was brought into general use. The first com-

[1] Compare Guizot's *S. Louis and Calvin*, p. 264.

[2] He had completed translating fifty-one of the Psalms. The title of the book was—"All such Psalm of David as Thomas Sternholde did in his Lyfe drawe into English Metre," London, 1549.

plete edition of this, "the Old Version," was published in 1562[1]; and, we observe, one or two hymns and metrical paraphrases, despite Geneva, were placed at the end.

This Old Version was "allowed to be sung of the people in the Churches;" although by what exact authority is not quite clear. It became an incubus on the Church. Some of us have heard it even in this generation. May it rest in peace! "They were men," says Thomas Fuller, "whose piety was better than their poetry." "The Version," says James Montgomery, "is supposed to adhere well to the original; but it is the resemblance of the dead to the living[2]." Let us take

[1] This was published by John Daye under the title—'The whole Booke of *Psalmes*, Collected into English Meeter, by T. Sternhold, J. Hopkins and others, conferred with the Ebrue, with apt Notes to sing them withal.' The title page also stated that they were—'Set forth and allowed to be sung in all churches of all the people before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, as also before and after Sermons, and moreover in private houses for their godly solace and comfort laying apart all ungodly songs and ballads, which tend only to the nourishing of vice and corrupting of youth.' Among the "other" authors were William Whittingham, afterwards Dean of Durham, William Kethe, and John Mardley.

[2] So great was the passion for versifying at this period, that we find such works as these:—'The Actes of the Apostles, translated into Englyshe Metre and dedicated to the Kynge's moste excellent Majestye, by Cristofer Tye, Doctor in Musyke and one of the Gentylmen of his Grace's most honourable Chappell; wyth notes to eche Chapter, to synge and also to

one or two examples—examples that do not touch on Sacred Names—

Ps. vii. 16, "He digs a ditch, and delves it deep,
in hope to hurt his brother;
But he shall fall into the pit
that he dig'd up for other."

Ps. xvi. 3, "They shall heape sorrow on their heads,
which run as they were mad,
To offer to the idoll-gods.
alas, it is too bad."

Ps. xxii. 12, "So many buls do compasse mee,
that be full strong of head.
Yea, buls so fat, as though they had
in Basan field beene fed."

Ps. lxxiii. 2, "Yet like a foole I almost slipt,
my feete began to slide:
And ere I wist euen at a pinch,
my steps away gan glide."

One of these metrical psalms stands out preeminent, the grand Old Hundredth,

"All people that on earth do dwell."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 166; *Church Hymns* 331; *Hymnal Comp.* 490)

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playe upon the Lute, very necessary for Studentes after theyr studye to fyle theyr wyttes, and also for all Christians that cannot synge to read the good and godlie storyes of the Liues of Christ Hys Apostles.' 1553.

After much controversy, it seems to have been nearly settled that this was written, not by Sternhold or Hopkins, but by William Kethe, one of the refugees with Knox at Geneva. He was chaplain to the British forces at Havre in 1563, and afterwards a clergyman in Dorset[1].

Henceforth, for many years, as might have been expected, the number of good and congregational English hymn writers is but scanty, though it includes some great names. At this period, we owe much to the great hymn poets of Germany. The Advent hymn, known so well under the incorrect title of "Luther's hymn," has a complicated history:

"Great God, what do I see and hear:
The end of things created."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 52; *Church Hymns* 375; *Hymnal Comp.* 66)

It is founded upon one written in 1581, by Bartholomew Ringwaldt, a village pastor in Prussia, born at Frankfurt on the Oder. He produced many other hymns which were elicited by the sufferings of that troubled

[1] This version of the 100th Psalm first appeared in the Psalter published at Geneva. The initials W. K. are appended to it in the Scotch Psalter, published in 1564. Some of the earlier editions have no initials, or they are very uncertain. There is good information as to these Psalters in Major G. A. Crawford's notes to the *Irish Church Hymnal.*

period. Dr Collyer, a popular dissenting minister in London at the beginning of this century, saw a translation of the first verse, made by some unknown person. He composed three additional verses; and this, with various alterations, is the hymn which we possess. The tune generally used is, as I have said[1], almost certainly by Luther.

It will not be out of place to speak here of two fine hymns written by Philip Nicolai, the pastor of the town of Unna in Westphalia. They do not appear in most of our hymn books, but one is well known to all. In 1597, a dreadful pestilence was raging there, and more than 1400 persons were carried off. Nicolai, from his window, could see the funerals passing to the graveyard close by. He was led to dwell much on death and the future life; and, soon after, he published a book of religious meditation. To it were appended the hymns which became so remarkably popular; and he wrote for them two fine chorales. The words and the tune of one of them have given pleasure to thousands as introduced by Mendelssohn into his oratorio of S. Paul:—

[1] See p. 56. Ringwaldt's hymn is in seven verses, beginning—

Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit,

and bears traces of the Latin hymn,

"Dies iræ, dies illa."

"Sleepers wake, a voice is calling,
It is the watchman on the walls[1]."

The other is—

"O Morning Star, how fair and bright
Thou beamest forth in truth and light."

It speaks of the heavenly Marriage Feast. It has been constantly used at marriages in Germany; and in that land the tune rings out from many a city's chimes[2].

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[1] Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme
Der Wachter sehr hoch auf der Zinne;
Wach auf, du Stadt Jerusalem!

A translation is given in *Lyra Germanica* (ii. p. 225), beginning—

"Wake, awake for night is flying."

See also *Church Hymns* 538. This, as well as many of the German hymns mentioned in the text, is to be found in Bunsen's well-known *Allgemeines evangelisches Gesang- und Gebetbuch.* No. 431. The title of Nicolai's work was *Freudenspiegel des ewigen Lebens.*

[2] Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern.

The following is what may be called the wedding verse of the hymn, from Miss Winkworth's translation—

"Then touch the chords of harp and lute,
Let no sweet music now be mute,
But joyously resounding,
Tell of the Marriage-feast, the Bride,
The heavenly Bridegroom at her side,
'Mid love and joy abounding;
[Shout for triumph,

The terrible Thirty Years' War, which ravaged Germany from 1618 to 1648, gave birth to many hymns. It was, in the main, a war of the Protestant against the Roman Catholic religion. It is impossible for us to conceive the awful suffering and desolation produced during that period, when in many districts four-fifths of the population and more than four-fifths of the property were destroyed. A religious war is ever a cruel war. The Emperor Ferdinand II., with his famous generals, Wallenstein and the atrocious Marshal Tilly, was not behindhand in the cruelties inflicted on the States of the Protestant Confederacy. Then, these secured the aid of the renowned Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the Lion of the North. At the battle of Leipsic, in 1631, he swept back the tide of victory. He had given out to his army the watchword, 'God with us.' Just after the combat, the hero king wrote down his celebrated battle hymn :—

"Fear not, O little flock, the foe."

Shout for triumph, loudly sing ye,
Praises bring ye,
Fall before Him,
King of kings, let all adore Him."

There is a very free translation in the *Hymnal Companion* 527,

"How bright appears the Morning Star."

to which Altenburg composed the music[1]. These are the last lines—

God is with us, we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.
Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

Gustavus himself had done much to lessen the evils of war. He was esteemed even by his enemies. The king pressed forward in his course of conquest. Now Tilly was defeated. The next year, Gustavus had to meet Wallenstein on the fatal field of Lutzen. He advanced at the head of his soldiers, singing his battle song, and Luther's hymn—"A sure stronghold our God is He,"—while his whole army joined in chorus. The great Christian warrior perished in the fight; but it was in the hour of victory, and he knew that, as he had just sung—The Lord of hosts was with him, the God of Jacob was his refuge.

[1] Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein.

The translation is given in *Lyra Germanica* i. 17. Altenburg was a pastor in Thuringia who composed the chorale to this battle song, and to whom the song has been often attributed. It is now allowed, that the hymn was written down roughly by Gustavus immediately after the battle, and improved by his chaplain Fabricius.

For long years more, the miseries of war went on. But all things have an end. And just as the dawn of peace began to break over the land, there was produced what has been called the "Te Deum" of Germany—

"Now thank we all our God
With hearts and hands and voices[1]."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 379; *Church Hymns* 439; *Hymnal Comp.* 46)

The hymn and the fine chorale to which it was sung were written by Martin Rinkart, the pastor of his native town of Eilenburg in Saxony. All the losses and troubles which he had experienced in the war only gave point to his grateful expressions toward God—

Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

It is introduced by Mendelssohn into his "*Lobgesang*" or "Hymn of Praise."

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[1] Nun danket alle Gott
Mit Herzen, Mund und Händen,

translated by Miss Winkworth (*Lyra Germ.* ii. 145). The tune generally given in our Hymnals is by Johann Crüger, who died in 1662.

In regard to these chorales or tunes, we have already noted how anxious Luther and those who followed him were, that the music to which they set their hymns should be such that the mass of the people could join. Here lay one secret of much of their success. The skill shewed in the composition and adaptation of tunes to the hymns with which they were associated at once rendered the hymns popular. Luther, speaking with enthusiasm of the subject, put it, as usual, somewhat strongly—"Music is a fair gift of God, and near allied to Divinity." And again—"Whosoever is not moved by such art as this, must of a truth be a coarse clod, not worthy to hear such lovely music, but only the waste wild bray of the ancient chanting, and the songs and music of the dogs and the pigs[1]."

[1] Quoted in *Christian Singers of Germany*, p. 164. Want of time alone prevented a reference in the Lecture to two German hymn poets of great distinction who also belong to the latter half of the 17th century—Louisa Henrietta, Electress of Brandenburg, and Paul Gerhardt. The Electress Louisa was the daughter of the Prince of Orange, and grand-daughter of the famous Huguenot Admiral Coligny. She endeared herself much to the Prussian people. Her third son was afterwards the first King of Prussia. She did much to encourage hymn writing and singing. She herself wrote four hymns, of which the Easter hymn is very well known—

"Jesus, my Redeemer lives."
Jesus, meine Zuversicht.

Paul Gerhardt was a Lutheran pastor in Berlin, where his hymns and preaching gave him an immense popularity. He

The scattered hymns, produced by writers even of great name in England about this period, are rather beautiful lyric poems than adapted for public singing. Such are the efforts of the saintly George Herbert, at the commencement of the 17th century. Even his well-known lines on Sunday, beginning,

"O day, most calm, most bright,"

are no exception[1]. They are said to have been composed by him, and sung to his lute, on the last Sunday of his life. This, however, can scarcely have been the case;

---

was deprived of his living by the Elector, notwithstanding the friendship of the Electress Louisa. He had besides many troubles, as may be gathered from his hymns. He is the finest and most poetical of German hymn writers. Many good examples are given in *Lyra Germanica*. The familiar hymn by John Wesley,

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,"

is a translation from his—

Befiehl du deine Wege (Bunsen, No. 311).

There is not, perhaps, a more touching hymn in any language than the one he wrote on the death of his son, the last but one of seven children—

"Thou'rt mine, yes, still thou art mine own."
(*Lyra Germ.* ii. p. 123.)

Du bist zwar mein und bleibest mein.

See also p. 34.

[1] They must not be confounded with his exquisite little piece on "Virtue," beginning—

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."

but on that day, it appears, he sang to his lute the verse in which occurs the line—

"On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope."

He is the author too of the quotation so applicable here—

"A Verse may find him who a Sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice[1]."

In his poem "The Temple," there is what he entitles "A True Hymn." It is his idea of what a hymn should be. At all events, there could scarcely be truer lines than these which occur in it:—

"The fineness which a Hymn or Psalm affords,
Is, when the soul unto the lines accords."

One beautiful hymn, and linked with others of great beauty, must really have been composed somewhere about this time—

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 236; *Church Hymns* 393; *Hymnal Comp.* 230)

It has been the source of much discussion, and has a strange history. As it stands, its author is unknown; and it cannot be referred back earlier than 1801[2]. It

[1] *The Church Porch.* Compare Isaak Walton's *Life of George Herbert.*

[2] Lord Selborne in *The Book of Praise* traces it back to the Collection of Dr Williams and Mr Boden (1801), where it is stated to be from the "*Eckinton Collection.*"

had, generally, been connected with the name of David Dickson, the Scotch Covenanter, and with a very similar hymn of his, about the year 1650, beginning—

"O mother dear, Jerusalem."

But this hymn, as well as Dickson's, turns out to be only an altered and shortened form of another hymn with the same heading—

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?"
(*Church Hymns* 392)

There is a force and a fire about this which places it as the first of, what are called, the "New Jerusalem" hymns. It has been found in a manuscript, in the British Museum[1], which is prior to the year 1616. The hymn is entitled, "*A Song made by F. B. P. to the tune of Diana.*" It is ascribed by a great authority, Mr Sedgwick, supported apparently by Lord Selborne, to Francis Baker, Presbyter or Priest—F. B. P.—a Roman Catholic priest who suffered persecution in Queen Elizabeth's time. A few verses will bear quotation here for their quaint beauty and vigour—

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

[1] A quarto volume of religious songs, No. 15,225. The hymn consists of 22 verses. See *The Book of Praise*, cviii. note.

O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Thy saints are crowned with glory great,
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice,
Most happy is their case.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,
They grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets, with silver sound
The flood of Life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow.

There trees do evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see.

But moreover, the hymn appears to be a very free translation from part of a well-known Latin hymn, by an unknown author, probably, of the 8th or 9th century, which I have purposely deferred until now—

"Urbs beata, Jerusalem, dicta pacis visio[1]."

It may at once be recognized, as to the same Latin source, and more directly, we owe the beautiful dedication hymn—

"Blessed city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 396; *Church Hymns* 338; *Hymnal Comp.* 542, which combines two hymns)

a translation by Dr Neale; and—

"Christ is made the sure foundation."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 396, Part 2)

by the same translator.

We must not pass by the famous name of John Milton, though he contributed but little to English hymnody. Milton, at different times made translations of many of the Psalms, especially about the year 1648. The question of a National Psalter, which should supersede the "Old Version" of Sternhold and Hopkins, was then being much discussed, even in the Long Parliament[2]. But

[1] This was changed in the reformed Roman *Breviary* (see p. 50) into the, perhaps, better known but very inferior—

Cælestis urbs, Jerusalem, beata pacis visio.

The two are compared in Daniel, *Thesaurus Hymnol.* i. p. 239.

[2] See below p. 109.

the matter remained unsettled. One Psalm, written by Milton long before, in 1624, when he was fifteen years old, has found its way into most of our hymn books—

"Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord for he is kind."
(*Church Hymns* 414; *Hymnal Comp.* 514)

The refrain is deliberately taken by Sir Henry Baker in his hymn,

"Praise, O praise our God and King,"
(*Ancient & Mod.* 381)

changing the word "aye" into "still"—

"For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure."

Milton's grand "Hymn on the Nativity" was composed when he was a Bachelor of Arts at Cambridge; and, as we learn from himself, it was begun on the morning of Christmas Day, 1629[1]:—

"It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born Child,
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies."

Hallam, the historian, calls it "perhaps the finest ode in the English language[2]."

During this stormy period of English history, there

[1] In the sixth of his *Latin Elegiacs*, addressed to Charles Diodati. There are translations of these in Cowper's *Poems*.

[2] *Literary History*, Part iii. chap. 5.

came to the front a name by far the greatest in the roll of Nonconformist Divines, Richard Baxter. The important part which he played in the Conferences at the last revision of our Prayer Book brings him into still further connection with our subject. Baxter was born at a small village, Rowton, in Shropshire in 1615. He early shewed a serious disposition. He was anxious to go to one of the Universities, but got only a desultory education from private tutors, and from his own intense love for books. He obtained a post at the court of Charles I. This was no place for such a man. He soon returned to his studies. At the age of twenty-three, he was ordained and became master of the Grammar School at Dudley, and later Curate at Kidderminster. Here his influence on men and his power of preaching brought him into public notice. Meanwhile, the Civil War broke out. Baxter occupied a curious position. He was deeply attached to the Monarchy. His religious feelings threw him into sympathy with the Parliamentarians. He gradually drifted to the side of the latter. He became chaplain to one of the regiments in Cromwell's army. It was during an illness at this time, that he wrote his famous work, "*The Saints' Everlasting Rest.*" This was the first-fruits of his wonderfully prolific pen. Its success encouraged him "to be guilty," as he said, "of all those writings which afterwards followed." These were in

number above 160, large and small. "Read any of them," said Dr Johnson in his downright way, "they are all good[1]." Among them, were two books of poetry, and of course a metrical version of the Psalms. His "*Poetical Fragments*" were published late in his life, in 1681. Almost every hymn book contains one of his hymns—

"Lord (original, "Now"), it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live."

(*Church Hymns* 421; *Hymnal Comp.* 473)

It is part of a poem called "The Covenant and Confidence of Faith," and is evidently written by one in trouble[2].

We learn, that the late Professor Clerk Maxwell of Cambridge frequently quoted this hymn during his last illness. Few philosophers equalled him in reasoning power or have gone so far in the more mysterious paths of Natural Science. On his lips, there is an added force in the words—

"My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him."

[1] Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (ed. Croker), p. 733.

[2] The poem begins—

"My whole, though broken, heart, O Lord,
From henceforth shall be Thine."

Another hymn of Baxter's, a beautiful "Psalm of praise," is often sung—

"Ye holy angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand."

(*Church Hymns* 560)

A word or two more on this remarkable man. At the Restoration, Baxter was made a chaplain to the King, and was offered the bishopric of Hereford. This he refused. In fact, he was now the practical leader of the Presbyterian party. They clamoured for a startling reformation of the Prayer Book. A conference of the two parties was held at the Savoy, in April 1661. It shews the unbounded confidence which his party had in him, and which he had in himself, that Baxter produced "The Reformed Liturgy," as he styled it, of his own, to supplant the Prayer Book. It was the outcome of fourteen days' labour. "I came among them no more," he says, "till I had finished my task, which was in a fortnight's time." This was to be a substitute for the Prayer Book, the work and the heritage of centuries. We must allow he was a bold man.

The result of that Conference was our Prayer Book as we now have it. Our present "Act of Uniformity" was passed. The penalties and the execution of the Act were outrageous and severe. The reaction had come. The other party was now in power. Baxter suffered much and oft. Once he came under the

notorious Judge Jeffreys, and was cast into prison. But he lived to see the milder and better day that dawned with the quiet Revolution of 1688. In December 1691 "his many sinful days ended," he went, as he himself wrote—

> "To join with the triumphant saints,
> That sing Jehovah's praise[1]."

It will be well at this point to speak of the "New Version" of the Psalms, which was at length published, after many efforts by many persons. By an Order in Council in 1696, this Version was allowed and permitted to be used in Churches and Chapels, and so came to be annexed to our Prayer Books[2]. It was the work of two men, Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, both Irish by birth, both somewhat impecunious, and both but feeble poets. In 1703, they added a Supplement, containing certain hymns and metrical versions accompanied by tunes, under the same sanction. These were altered from time to time, without any sanction.

Tate, a literary man, removed to London from Ireland; and, through interest, got made Poet Laureate. He

[1] Compare *Life and Times of Richard Baxter* by Rev. William Orme. The "Reformed Liturgy" is given in full at the end of Vol. I. of Calamy's *Life of Baxter*, 1713.

[2] In 1695, there had been published, "*An Essay of a New Version of the Psalms of David, consisting of the first Twenty*, by N. Brady and N. Tate." 8vo.

wrote a good deal, especially for the stage; and among other things, "*Panacea, a Poem on Tea.*" He was not a satisfactory character, latterly improvident and intemperate, and dying at last in 1715 in a privileged part of Southwark, where his creditors could not arrest him. It is a sad page in the history of hymnologists. Let us turn it over.

Brady, chiefly educated at Westminster and Oxford, became a prebend of the Cathedral at Cork. A strong supporter of William III. and the new dynasty, he came to London, and was made chaplain to the King. Often in debt, he took to keeping a school at Richmond, and died in 1726. His literary reputation rests upon the part he had in the "New Version" of the Psalms, whatever that part may have been.

This Version had little poetic beauty. It was simple and correct. It was, by authority, "allowed to be used," and now it is allowed to die. But portions of it will always live in our hymn books. Among these, will probably be the Christmas Hymn, the best hymn in the Supplement—

> "While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
> All seated on the ground."
> (*Ancient & Mod.* 62; *Church Hymns* 86; *Hymnal Comp.* 73)

and such psalms as—

Ps. lxxxiv. "O God of hosts, the mighty Lord."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 237; *Church Hymns* 443)

Ps. lxvii. "To bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 98)

Ps. li. "Have mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 249)

Ps. xxxiv. "Through all the changing scenes of life."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 290; *Church Hymns* 530; *Hymnal Comp.* 503)

Ps. cxlviii. "Ye boundless realms of joy."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 519)

and—

Ps. xlii. "As pants the hart for cooling streams."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 238; *Church Hymns* 334; *Hymnal Comp.* 126)

especially as long as it is wedded to the music of Spohr's lovely anthem.

Two more hymn poets of this period cannot be passed by; but as I wish to reserve Bishop Ken to the last, we must somewhat invert their chronological order, and speak first of Joseph Addison. Addison is best known to us as the master of English prose. It was for his poetry that he was distinguished among his contemporaries; and to poetry he owed much of the promotion which he obtained. His father was a clergyman, who went up from Westmorland a poor scholar to Queen's College, Oxford, and became Dean of

Lichfield. The son, born in 1672 at Milston in Wiltshire, also went to Queen's College, and migrated to Magdalen College. There he resided ten years; and there is still "shewn his favourite walk under the elms which fringe the meadow on the banks of the Cherwell[1]." He addressed a poem to Lord Somers on one of the campaigns of William III. This at once brought him into political notice, and got him a pension of £300 a year. He now started for a prolonged tour on the continent. After some stay in Paris, he embarked at Marseilles in December 1700; and while sailing along the coast of Italy, encountered one of the dangerous storms of the Mediterranean. To this storm, we are mainly indebted for the beautiful hymn called the "Traveller's hymn," and published long afterwards in the *Spectator*[2]—

> "How are thy servants blest, O Lord,
> How sure is their defence."
>
> (*Hymnal Comp.* 531)

"The captain of the ship," says Macaulay, "gave up all for lost, and confessed himself to a Capuchin who happened to be on board. The English heretic, in the mean time, fortified himself against the perils of death with devotions of a very different kind:"—

[1] Macaulay, *Essays*, vol. iii. p. 359.

[2] No. 489, Sept. 20, 1712, where ten stanzas are given.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea that roar'd at Thy command,
At Thy command was still.

Addison again got promotion by composing a fine poem on the battle of Blenheim, written at the request of the heads of the Government. Other poems on the subject had been hopelessly bad, and had not exalted either the victory or the Government. This we may well believe from three lines, quoted by Macaulay, which can scarcely be called heroic:—

"Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,
And each man mounted on a capering beast;
Into the Danube, they were pushed by shoals."

Besides the hymn above quoted, Addison wrote four other hymns which appeared in some of his exquisite devout papers in the *Spectator,* in 1712. The beautiful paraphrase of his favourite xxiii. Psalm—

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care."

(*Hymnal Comp.* 331)

The paper in the *Spectator* is On Reliance upon God[1]. Then—

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys[2]."

(*Hymnal Comp.* 497)

There is one which does not generally appear in hymn-books and is inferior to the others—

"When, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear[3]."

and one which Lord Selborne places "among the best hymns in the English language"—

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky."

(*Hymnal Comp.* 496)

[1] No. 441. The last verse in the *Hymnal Companion* is not Addison's.

[2] Of this hymn there are thirteen stanzas in the *Spectator*, No. 453.

[3] *Spectator*, No. 513.

It is a rendering of the xixth Psalm, and occurs in a paper in the *Spectator*, On the means of strengthening faith[1].

These two last hymns have been claimed for Andrew Marvell, the contemporary and friend of Milton. Though revived from time to time, the claim has never for a moment been made good; and their characteristics point unmistakeably to Addison[2].

We all know how Addison rose in the world, married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, and became Secretary of State, an office he had soon to resign from ill-health. Of him, it might emphatically be said, "He was a good man—a man who trusted in God and so was full of gratitude to God." On his death-bed in 1719, he sent for the poet Gay, and asked his forgiveness, for some supposed injury of which Gay knew nothing. He also sent for the dissipated young Earl of Warwick, his stepson, hoping to produce some effect on the young man. Lord Warwick said to his dying friend, "I believe and hope you have some commands for me, I shall hold them most sacred." Addison grasped the young man's hand, said softly to him, "See, in what peace a Christian can die," and soon after he passed away.

[1] *Spectator*, No. 465.

[2] Marvell died in 1678. The claim was first put forward by Captain Edward Thompson, in the *Life* prefixed to his edition of Marvell's *Works*, 1776.

To this incident, his friend and fellow-worker, Thomas Tickell, referred in his poem addressed to this same Lord Warwick "On the death of Mr Addison"—

> "Then, taught us how to live; and (oh too high
> The price for knowledge) taught us how to die."

We turn, before we conclude, from a good layman to a good priest and bishop, Bishop Ken. He was born in Hertfordshire in 1637, and went to Winchester School, a fact of peculiar interest. After passing through Oxford, he was ordained, became a rector in Essex, and was afterwards elected to a fellowship at Winchester. It was for the use of the Winchester scholars, that he wrote, in 1674, his *Manual of Prayers*, a little book still in use, and well worthy to be the companion of any young man. To this *Manual*, he appended some years after, in 1697, his Morning, Midnight and Evening Hymns, which have made their author famous. The Morning and Evening Hymns appear in abridged forms in all hymn-books[1]. The Midnight hymn beginning—

> "My God, now I from sleep awake."

is quite equal to them. It is, comparatively, so seldom

[1] The three hymns, and the correct text, are given in *The Book of Praise*, Nos. ccxlvi, ccl vii, ccl xv. These are taken from the edition of 1709, giving Bishop Ken's latest corrections. The earlier versions may be found in Anderdon's *Life of Ken*.

seen that it may be well to quote two or three of the stanzas :—

My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in Thy arms I will entrust:
O make me Thy peculiar care;
Some mansion for my soul prepare!

Give me a place at Thy saints' feet,
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat!
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,
Who sit above in brighter day.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart!
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart!
One ray of Thy all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice!
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout!

The Morning hymn—

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 3; *Church Hymns* 1; *Hymnal Comp.* 1)

was a great favourite with its author. He used often

to sing it in the early morning, accompanying himself with his lute. His Evening hymn—

"All praise to Thee, my God, this night."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 15)

is often written—

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 23; *Church Hymns* 21)

It has now been proved that the former is Bishop Ken's latest correction and improvement. So, he himself changed the words in the Doxology, "ye angelic host" into "ye heavenly host[1]." It has been well said that "there is probably no other verse in the world that is sung so often as that Doxology, itself a masterpiece," beginning—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Ken was made chaplain to the King, Charles II., and then Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1684, and he ministered to the dying monarch in his last illness. When James II. came to the throne, Bishop Ken was com-

[1] Another change made in the third verse of the Evening Hymn was—

"To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day."

originally written—

"Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day."

mitted to the Tower, because he would not sign the Declaration of Indulgence. He was deprived of his see, and went into retirement at Longleate in Wiltshire, where he died in 1711. They buried him in the early morning at Frome, in accordance with his own desire—"under the east window of the chancel just at sun-rising." And as the sun rose, his friends involuntarily burst out into the beautiful words of his own Morning Hymn—

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun."

He wrote much, including many hymns, but nothing which could be compared with that matchless Three. "Had he endowed three hospitals," says James Montgomery, "he might have been less a benefactor to posterity[1]."

[1] Compare *The Life of Thomas Ken* by a Layman, 1854.

LECTURE III.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

LECTURE III.

With the 18th century, we meet the full stream of English hymnody. So far there had been in this land but drops from the fountain of Christian poetry. The Protestants of Germany, the Roman Catholics of France and of Italy had enriched and ennobled, with many a hymn, their public and private services of God. Those terrible metrical psalms held their own in England against all comers. They threw a chill over public worship. They bound, as in fetters of iron, those devout minds which would soar in song toward their God. It is remarkable that freedom came, though slowly, from the same quarter whence slavery had proceeded. The Puritan element brought in these metrical psalms. To sing aught beyond the immediate range of Scripture was considered little short of heresy. But it was the Puritan element which laid the foundation of hymn singing in the later English Church. It is to the Non-conformists, and more especially the Independents, Watts and Doddridge, that we owe the first kindling of

the flame, the first vigorous effort to supply a great and pressing spiritual need[1].

The name of Isaac Watts has not always been held in the high estimation which it deserves, and especially by those who have been unacquainted with his ability and his writings. This has, no doubt, partly arisen from his name being ever associated with his quaint but most popular *Songs for Children.* Isaac Watts was born at Southampton, in 1674. His father there kept a boarding school, and was a rigid Nonconformist, who had been imprisoned for his religious opinions. The son was a most precocious child, beginning Latin at four years old in the Grammar School of the town. At sixteen, he went to study at an "academy" in London, taught by an Independent minister, Thomas Rowe. His proficiency in classics and logic, even Dr Johnson allows to have been remarkable. In his leisure hours, he made many poetical attempts. As he himself says, "I was a maker of verses from fifteen to fifty." But it was at the age of twenty, when he returned to his father's house at Southampton for two years' private study, that the true poetic fervour came upon him. Watts complained to his father of the compositions

[1] It has been pointed out that in a catalogue of 1410 British hymn writers, which was made by Mr D. Sedgwick in 1863, there were as many as 1213 of a later date than 1707 ; and the difference is far larger now.—*Encyclop. Britan.*

sung in their chapel. "Give us something better, young man," was the reply. And many hymns were written by him at this period. Two of them, well-known, have a strong local interest—

> "There is a land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign."
>
> (*Church Hymns* **519**; *Hymnal Comp.* **232**)

and—

> "When I can read my title clear
> To mansions in the skies."
>
> (*Hymnal Comp.* **276**)

Portions of these hymns, especially of the first, are said to have been suggested by the beautiful views in the neighbourhood, across Southampton Water. Beyond the "narrow sea," beyond the "swelling flood" of the river and harbour lie the green fields and woods of the New Forest, as of another land :—

> There everlasting spring abides,
> And never withering flowers;
> Death, like a narrow sea, divides
> This heavenly land from ours.
>
> Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
> Stand dress'd in living green:
> So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
> While Jordan roll'd between.

The figure, here given to death, of "a *narrow* sea,"

has often been noted, and was apparently imitated by Charles Wesley[1].

In 1696, Watts went to be tutor in the family of Sir John Hartopp, near London. Here he wrote the chief part of a *Treatise on Logic*, published some time after, which in Dr Johnson's day was a text-book at Oxford. On his twenty-fourth birthday, he preached his first sermon, and then became assistant to Dr Chauncy, the minister of the Independent Church in Mark Lane, whom he soon after succeeded. But his health, never strong, a few years later broke down. He went, in 1712, for change of air on a visit to Sir Thomas Abney at Theobalds in Hertfordshire. He went for a week, and he stayed thirty-six years, until his death. Sir Thomas Abney had been knighted as Lord Mayor, and was, of course, a staunch dissenter. Long after he was gone, Lady Abney and her family still welcomed their distinguished guest. It was in the summer-house of their garden, that he wrote most of his works. And

[1] See below, p. 128. The reference in the second hymn seems also probable—

> "There shall I bathe my weary soul
> In seas of heavenly rest."

But the first verse contains one of those unfortunate commonplaces which almost ruin some of the best hymns of Watts—

> "I bid farewell to every fear,
> And wipe my weeping eyes."

it was in their presence that he expressed himself towards the last, as "waiting God's leave to die."

Watts obtained the unsolicited honour of a degree as Doctor in Divinity from the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen. He wrote, among other things, a *Treatise on Astronomy*, an *Essay* on Charity Schools, and some theological works, giving no small evidence of his general ability. But the first published of his poetical works was his *Horæ Lyricæ, Lyric Poems sacred to Devotion*, in 1705. Undoubtedly, they are not good. A modern critic says of them—"The sentimentalities of Roman Catholic writers towards our Lord and His Mother are not half so offensive as the courtier-like flatteries Dr Watts offers to the Most High...In him, the thought is true, the form of its utterance false; the feeling lovely, the word, often to a degree, repulsive[1]." And this criticism applies, in many cases, to his hymns published in 1707[2], though they are "immeasurably better." His "*Psalms*[3]," which are really hymns founded on the Psalms, not translations, came out in 1719. There are lines in those hymns which offend against all good taste. Yet there are wonderful jewels in that oft rubbishy mass of some six hundred religious poems. The man who

[1] George Macdonald, *England's Antiphon*, p. 280.

[2] *Hymns and Spiritual Songs;* an enlarged edition was published in 1709.

[3] *The Psalms of David imitated.*

could write them "ought not to have written as he has written." They "will be sung, I fancy," says the same critic, "so long as men praise God together." And indeed, they are wonderful, wonderful in their firm clear English, their noble sentences, in that true ring which touches every Christian heart. Let us note a few more of his hymns with which we are all familiar.

"Our (not "O") God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **165**; *Church Hymns* **446**; *Hymnal Comp.* **264**)

founded on Psalm xc.

"When I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of glory died."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **108**[1]; *Church Hymns* **547**; *Hymnal Comp.* **167**)

perhaps the best of all.

"Before Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow, with sacred joy."

(*Hymnal Comp.* **45**)

founded on Psalm c. This *verse* as written by Watts commenced thus—

"Nations attend before His throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy."

[1] In *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, the last verse is added by the Compilers.

It was altered by one of the Wesleys[1]. The last verse is a very fine one—

"Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move."

Then we have—

"Ill praise my Maker, while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 495)

These lines have a peculiar interest as having been sung by John Wesley on the day before he died, and murmured by him among his last words[2].

"Jesus shall reign wher'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 220; *Church Hymns* 407; *Hymnal Comp.* 106)

founded on Psalm lxxii.

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[1] It appears in the first edition (1741) of the Wesleys' *Collection of Psalms and Hymns.* The first and fourth verses of Watts' psalm were omitted. The first was

"Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Let every land His Name adore.
The British isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore."

[2] Tyerman, *Life and Times of John Wesley.*

The grand song of praise—

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **299**; *Church Hymns* **348**: *Hymnal Comp.* **498**)

and—

"From all that dwell below the skies."

(*Church Hymns* **366**; *Hymnal Comp.* **493**)

so well known with the music of Walmisley's anthem. Many another might be quoted which, with faults here and there, are simply admirable[1].

[1] Among those more often sung may be noted—

"Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **247**)

"Joy to the world! The Lord is come."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **55**)

"Lord of the worlds above."
(*Church Hymns* **423**; *Hymnal Comp.* **204**)

"My God, the spring of all my joys."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **294**)

"Not all the blood of beasts."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **134**)

"O bless the Lord, my soul."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **508**)

"Salvation, O the joyful sound."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **500**)

"Sweet is the work, my God, my King."
(*Church Hymns* **50**; *Hymnal Comp.* **195**)

"This is the day the Lord hath made."
(*Church Hymns* **48**; *Hymnal Comp.* **193**)

[It affords

Dr Watts was fond of children, though he never married. It was for the little family of the Abneys, and out of gratitude to their parents, that he wrote his "*Divine Songs*," and his other books for children[1]. The popularity of these children's hymns was enormous. Certainly, some verses would seem calculated to drive sleep and happiness away from every child who heard them. For instance, Song xviii. "*On Scoffing and Calling Names*"—

> "When children in their wanton play
> Served old Elisha so,
> . . . . . .
> God quickly stopped their wicked breath,
> And sent two raging bears,
> That tore them limb from limb to death,
> With blood, and groans and tears."

That is not cheerful for children. Still those *Songs* lived. Lines have become very household words:—"Let dogs delight to bark and bite." "How doth the little busy bee." "For Satan finds some mischief still, For idle hands to do." "'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I

It affords some idea of the estimation in which the hymns of Watts have been held, that Lord Selborne in his *Book of Praise* selects more from Watts and Charles Wesley than from any other authors; from the former he gives 43, from the latter 28 hymns.

[1] *Divine Songs attempted in Easy Language for the Use of Children*, was published in 1715.

heard him complain." They may provoke a smile now. They may be very easy to parody. But it is a striking evidence of the power of the man, that even when he "spake as a child" his words seemed to be "graven" on men's minds, as it were "with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever."

We must not quite pass by a great poet, though not to be called strictly a hymn writer, Alexander Pope, —one whose words are more frequent as quotations in men's mouths than the words of any other poet except the great Master, Shakespeare. His celebrated ode, "The Dying Christian to his soul," which begins—

"Vital spark, of heavenly flame,"

is very fine. But the little history attached to it alone proves that it is unfit for public worship, though found in many hymn-books. Pope wrote a letter to Richard Steele, one of the contributors to the *Spectator*, with two verses upon the famous lines addressed by the heathen Emperor Hadrian to his soul, when on his death-bed, commencing—

"Animula vagula, blandula[1]."

[1] The following are the lines with the *Spectator's* free translation:

"Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos." ["Alas

The letter appears in the *Spectator* for November 10, 1712. Steele asked Pope to make upon the words an ode of two or three stanzas for music. Pope at once sent back, "Vital spark."

Pope's "Universal Prayer"—

"Father of all, in every age,"

is beautiful; and yet it has given rise to much unfair objection, because he applies the title "Jove" to God. The word is really used as a Name of the Unknown God in the mouth of the "savage"—

"Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord."

This verse is also well worth quoting—

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me."

We now turn naturally to another of the fathers of English hymn writers, another Independent minister, the friend of Watts—Philip Doddridge. He was born

"Alas, my soul! thou pleasing companion of this body, thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it, whither art thou flying? To what unknown region? Thou art all trembling, fearful and pensive. Now what is become of thy former wit and humour? Thou shalt jest and be gay no more." No. 532.

in London in 1702, his father a tradesman, his mother a daughter of one of the Bohemian, or Moravian, clergy. He was regularly brought up for the dissenting ministry, and became for some years a minister in Leicestershire. At the age of twenty-seven, under the strong advice of Watts and others, he opened what was called an "academy" at Market Harborough for the training of young men. Shortly after, he removed it to Northampton, where he had a great success both as a teacher and as a preacher. There he remained for the rest of his life. He died just after his arrival at Lisbon, whither he had gone for his health, at the early age of forty-nine. Two books, among others, were written by him, of which little is known now beyond the names, but which had a very wide influence during the last century, and not in England alone—his *Family Expositor of the New Testament* and *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.*

"He was the author," according to Dr Johnson[1], "of one of the finest epigrams in the English language." It was upon his family motto, *Dum vivimus vivamus;* not a very Christian motto, but one which he thus paraphrased—

> Live while you live, the *Epicure* would say,
> And seize the pleasure of the present day.

[1] Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (ed. Croker), p. 357.

Live while you live, the sacred Preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live in Thee.

The pursuits of his life gave a strong colouring to the hymns of Doddridge. Many of them were written to be given out and sung at the close of his sermons. They were not published until 1755, after his death. Out of the 364 which he wrote, some are of the highest excellence; and some we should hardly expect under his name. The grand Advent hymns—

"Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 53; *Church Hymns* 68; *Hymnal Comp.* 54)

and—

"Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 268; *Church Hymns* 562; *Hymnal Comp.* 57)

The Sacramental hymn—

"My God, and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?"
(*Ancient & Mod.* 317; *Church Hymns* 212; *Hymnal Comp.* 375)

This hymn was added to the Supplement of the "New Version" at the end of the Prayer Book, with some others, by a dissenting University printer; of course without authority, and there it remained.

Curiously enough, this hymn has been found too pronounced in doctrine by some Church of England compilers, and has been discreetly improved.

Then we have—

"To-morrow, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **343**)

And, one of his best, slightly altered and improved by John Logan in 1775, or by Michael Bruce—

"O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed[1]."
(*Church Hymns* **444**; *Hymnal Comp.* **89**)

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[1] To these may be added the following :—

"Eternal source of every joy."
(*Book of Praise*, p. **286**)

"Fountain of good, to own Thy love."
(*Church Hymns* **283**; *Hymnal Comp.* **371**)

altered from—

"Jesus, my Lord, how rich Thy grace."

"High let us swell our tuneful notes."
(*Church Hymns* **81**)

"Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows."

sometimes altered to—

"Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray."
(*Church Hymns* **44**)

"O happy day that fixed my choice."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **449**)

We must speak, though very briefly, of the hymns adopted at this period by two very different bodies, the Roman Catholics of France and the Presbyterians of Scotland. It will be remembered, from our last Lecture[1], that the Roman Church under Pope Urban VIII. put forth a Hymnary with the revised Roman Breviary in 1631. The French Romanists, who have always been very independent, made two revisions after that date of the Paris Breviary, and of its hymns. The last revision was finished in 1735. Most of the fine old hymns were omitted; and a very large number of modern hymns, of course in Latin, were added. Some few of these, it cannot be denied, are very good, and were chiefly the work of two men—Charles Coffin and Jean Baptiste de Santeuil. Jean de Santeuil, called generally Santolius Victorinus, was a Canon of the famous Abbey of St Victor at Paris[2], and died in 1697. Charles Coffin was the distinguished Rector of the University of Paris for nearly forty years. To him was entrusted the final revision of the Breviary in 1735. In France, this has now been generally superseded by the Roman Service Books. Translations of some hymns from the Paris Breviary have found their way into many of our hymn-books. The following are well known—

[1] See above p. 50.

[2] The Abbey of Adam of St Victor, see p. 37.

"The Advent of our King
Our prayers must now employ."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **48**; *Church Hymns* **72**, altered)

by Charles Coffin; translated by J. Chandler.

"On Jordan's banks, the Baptist's cry."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **50**; *Church Hymns* **71**)

by the same.

"Disposer Supreme,
And judge of the earth."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **431**; *Church Hymns* **356**)

by J. B. de Santeuil; translated by Isaac Williams. And—

"Now, my soul, thy voice upraising."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **103**)

the Passion hymn by Claude de Santeuil (Santolius Maglorianus), brother of Jean; translated by Sir H. Baker[1].

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[1] These, translated from the *Paris Breviary*, may also be named—

"As now the sun's declining rays."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **13**; *Church Hymns* **14**)

by Charles Coffin; translated by J. Chandler.

"O Christ, who hast prepared a place."
(*Church Hymns* **146**)

by J. de Santeuil; translated by J. Chandler.

"O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **273**; *Church Hymns* **453**)

by the same. ["O Saviour,

In Scotland, everything was done that could be done to discourage hymn writing, in consequence of the fanatical adherence to the National Psalter. Sir Walter Scott might address his country as—

> "O Caledonia, stern and wild,
> Meet nurse of a poetic child."

but even he dissuaded them from any attempt to alter their Psalter. In 1564, two years after the publication of Sternhold and Hopkins' Version, the General Assembly of the Kirk ordered the use of the Psalms in metre. This was, in the main, that Old Version, with certain additions. The next century, at the Revolution, the Long Parliament recommended to the General Assembly at Edinburgh the Psalter which had been compiled by one of the members of the House of Commons, Francis Rouse. A Committee of the Kirk Assembly produced, in 1649, on this basis, the "*Paraphrase of the Psalms*," which was ordered to be used throughout

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"O Saviour, who for man hast trod."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 146)

by Charles Coffin; translated by J. Chandler and Compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern.*

"The heavenly Child in stature grows."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 78)

by the same.

"What star is this, with beams so bright?"
(*Ancient & Mod.* 77)

by the same.

Scotland. This was adopted in 1650, and there it is now.

These *Psalms* became household words very dear to the hearts of the Scotch people. Many a time have the hills and glens of Scotland echoed the quaint stirring lines as they were sung with peculiar force by the hunted Covenanters. Sir Walter Scott has drawn a fine picture of the skirmish of Drumclog in *Old Mortality*. He describes the Covenanters awaiting the King's troops, and, in answer to the drums and trumpets of the enemy, uniting their voices "in solemn modulation," as they sent forth the seventy-sixth Psalm—

In Judah's land God is well known,
His Name's in Israel great;
In Salem is His tabernacle,
In Zion is His seat.

There arrows of the bow He brake,
The shield, the sword, the war.
More glorious thou than hills of prey,
More excellent art far.

In the middle of the 18th century, some authorized "Paraphrases" of other portions of the Bible were admitted into the Scotch Psalter. These were, in truth, hymns, for the most part severely simple in character and rigidly adhering to the words of Scripture. But, whether it be from Paris or Edinburgh, we

do not hesitate to draw thence our hymns, let them only be good, and Christian, and true. Such, it will be allowed, are these three—

"Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God, not made with hands."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 201; *Church Hymns* 552; *Hymnal Comp.* 223)

an Ascension hymn, by Michael Bruce.

"Come, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 125)

by John Morrison, and—

"How bright these glorious spirits shine,
Whence all their white array?"
(*Ancient & Mod.* 438; *Church Hymns* 384; *Hymnal Comp.* 359)

founded, by William Cameron, upon one by Watts[1].

Although there are to be found men in Scotland who look upon even these "Paraphrases" as rather

[1] Among these Scotch Paraphrases should be noted—

"Behold the mountain of the Lord."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 102)

by Michael Bruce.

"The people that in darkness sat."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 80)

by John Morrison.

The claim made by John Logan (1770) to be the author of certain of these hymns, instead of Bruce, has been much discussed, and the result has not been to Logan's credit.

partaking of the nature of heresy, yet in many Presbyterian Churches excellent Hymnals are now in use.

Before passing on to notice the undoubted king of hymn writers, Charles Wesley, and his brother John, it will be well to sketch in an outline of a body who had a powerful influence upon them and upon hymnology—the Moravian Brethren. These Moravians were descendants of the Bohemian Brethren—the followers of John Huss in the 15th century, who for so long a time endured persecution by the Austrian Government for the Protestant Faith. They dwelt mainly in Bohemia and Moravia. They had their chief settlement at Fulnek in Moravia, whence they obtained their name. Scattered during the terrible Thirty Years' War, in the 17th century, they settled in 1722 at Herrnhut in Saxony, about thirty miles from Dresden. There they established, as it were, a new community. To this place upon his estate, they had been invited by a remarkable man, Count von Zinzendorf, a name once well known in England. Of noble family, a member of the State Council, he had very early taken up strange and strong religious views. He himself said, that as he was passing through the picture gallery at Düsseldorf, he saw a painting of the Saviour crowned with thorns, over which were written the words,—"All this have I done for thee; what doest thou for Me?"; that from this time a change came over him, and that he determined

to devote himself to religious work. He conceived the idea of forming a sect. Five years after the Moravians had come to Herrnhut, he joined their growing community, superintended them, and largely assisted them with his wealth. He was then twenty-seven years of age. Ten years afterwards he became one of their bishops[1].

The Moravians, styling themselves also the United Brethren, admitted Protestants from all sides, and soon became an important body. Zinzendorf, having gone abroad to take holy orders, was banished, in his absence, from Saxony, on the charge of spreading false doctrine. During the next ten years, he journeyed in America, England and many other countries, planting Moravian settlements and founding missions—the first of those self-denying and successful missionary labours which, whether amid the ice and snows of Greenland or amid the tropical heats of Africa and the West Indies, have made the name of "Moravian" respected and praised throughout the Christian world. We shall meet Zinzendorf again.

We can scarcely fail to reckon Zinzendorf as a hymn writer, when we know that he composed above 2000

[1] Compare Miss Winkworth's *Christian Singers of Germany*, p. 305 seq., and Spangenberg, *Memoirs of Count Zinzendorf*, translated by S. Jackson.

hymns. Three may be mentioned, as being in our hymn-books:—

"Christ will gather in His own
To the place where He is gone."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **400**; *Church Hymns* **244**)

translated by Miss Winkworth[1].

"Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **274**)

translated by John Wesley[2].

And—

"Jesu, still lead on,
Till our rest be won."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **17**)

translated by Miss Jane Borthwick[3]. This hymn is familiar in almost every religious household in Evangelical Germany.

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[1] Aller Gläubigen Sammelplatz.

[2] Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit.

The first verse is part of a hymn, very familiar in Germany, by Paul Eber, the friend and amanuensis of Melancthon—

In Christi Wunden schlaf ich ein.

See Bunsen, *Gesangbuch*, No. 384; a translation of this and a notice of Eber is given in *Christian Singers of Germany*, p. 121.

[3] Jesu, geh voran
Auf der Lebensbahn.

Bunsen, *Gesangbuch*, No. 58. See another at p. 119.

The Moravians have, indeed, had a remarkable influence on hymn writers and on hymn singing. The hymns of their predecessors, the Bohemian Brethren and followers of Huss, won the admiration of Luther. The hymns of the Moravians formed a large part of their worship. Many of them were marked by a beautiful trust in Christ, and by strong brotherly love. Many of them, it cannot be denied, were open to the most unqualified objection. They were deformed, not only by a too fervent, but by a false imagery. They brought the most Sacred Objects down to the lowest level of physical language, and even to something worse. They may be found in the pages of bygone works. It is best to let them lie there[1].

We have now paved the way for the consideration of the Wesleys. The life of John Wesley and the rise of Methodism are themselves subjects for Lectures. But there are certain events in the history of the brothers, which bear strongly on our subject. John Benjamin Wesley was born in 1703 at Epworth in Lincolnshire, the parish of which his father, Samuel Wesley, was rector. His mother, of an eminent dissenting family, had, from conscientious reasons, joined the Established

[1] Some notes on the subject may be found in Southey's *Life of Wesley*, Chap. v., and *The Journal of Sacred Literature* for July, 1864.

Church. His brother Charles was five years his junior. John Wesley went from the Charterhouse School in London to Christchurch, Oxford, and became a fellow of Lincoln College. He was ordained soon after, and went to be curate to his father. Being summoned back to College duties, in about two years, he found at Oxford his brother Charles and a band of young men, who afterwards became notorious; among them James Hervey and George Whitefield. They associated themselves in religious and charitable exercises, and soon got derisive names, such as Bible Bigots, Sacramentarians, and Methodists. The last name was said to be given them from their methodical and steady manner of life; but it was, of old, the title of a body of physicians who worked by method or theory, and had before been applied to religious people. John Wesley joined this band, and at once became their guide and director. Here he remained about seven years.

It is not within my province to trace his spiritual growth during that time. In 1735, he and his brother Charles, now ordained, were moved by missionary zeal to sail for Georgia in North America and preach to the settlers and Indians in that colony, John as a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, Charles as secretary to General Oglethorpe, the leader of the expedition. In the vessel that took them out, were some thirty Mora-

vian Brethren. "We contracted," says John Wesley, "a strong esteem for them. I translated many of their hymns for the use of our own congregations." No doubt, these men had a strong effect upon the spiritual life of the two brothers. The work in Georgia was not a success. There was also an uncomfortable incident about a lady whom his Moravian friends dissuaded John Wesley from marrying; and he left the colony somewhat hurriedly.

He returned to England in 1738, to find that Methodism had made great progress in the south under the enthusiastic preaching of George Whitefield. The month of May witnessed, as he averred, the great change in his spiritual life, influenced not a little by his intercourse with a young Moravian, Peter Bohler. During that year, John Wesley spent some months at the Moravian settlement of Herrnhut; and in Prussia, he formed a strong friendship for Count Zinzendorf, who was still banished from Saxony. On his return, Wesley joined Whitefield, and threw himself heart and soul into the work of preaching and propagating their opinions. He affirmed that he wanted to call men back to "old Church of England principles." Another object, they may truly be said to have had—to break through the indifference which hung like a pall over the religion of England. Parish churches and dissenting chapels were alike soon closed against them. They preached

much in the open air. The first Methodist meeting house was begun to be built in the horse fair at Bristol in 1739. The effect of their energy and zeal was astonishing. To them, even, at this day, Christian England stands not a little indebted.

As in other times of religious earnestness which we have reviewed, hymn-singing became a powerful instrument. The first Wesleyan "*Collection of Psalms and Hymns*" was published by John Wesley in 1738. In this appeared some of his translations from the German; but Charles was the main contributor. Then volumes by the two brothers of Wesleyan *Hymns and Sacred Poems* followed one another in quick succession[1]. Among John Wesley's translations, may be named—

"Lo, God is here, let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place."

(*Church Hymns* 415; *Hymnal Comp.* 210)

a fine translation from Gerhard Tersteegen[2].

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[1] The book which was the foundation of the later Methodist Hymn Books was published by the Wesleys in 1780, under the title which is still retained—*A Collection of Hymns for the use of the People called Methodists.*

[2] Gott ist gegenwärtig! lasset uns anbeten.

Gerhard Tersteegen, one of the "mystic" German poets, was born in Westphalia, in 1697, and died in 1769, and was therefore contemporary with Wesley.

And—

"O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light."
(*Church Hymns* 460; *Hymnal Comp.* 130)

from Zinzendorf[1].

Of the hymns of Charles Wesley, we shall speak presently. John does not appear to have composed any hymns himself. He prided himself on the singing in the meeting houses. He made it an essential part of the service, and contrasted the result with the practice of the parish churches. This is what he says of his own people:—"Their solemn addresses to God are not interrupted, either by the formal drawl of a parish clerk, the screaming of boys who bawl out what they neither feel nor understand, or the unseasonable and unmeaning impertinence of a voluntary on the organ." Southey notes here, that Wesley himself declared, he had once found at Church an uncommon blessing, when he least

[1] Seelen Bräutigam, O du Gotteslamm,

Often said, incorrectly, to be by Tersteegen. Other translations by John Wesley are:—

"Now I have found the ground wherein."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 269)
Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden.

by J. A. Rothe (*ob.* 1758), a friend of Zinzendorf;

"Thou hidden love of God whose height."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 314)
Verborgne Gottes Liebe, Du.

by Tersteegen. See also the translations referred to at pp. 70, 114.

expected it, namely, while the organ was playing a voluntary. Perhaps, others have found the same. But Wesley goes on—"When it is seasonable to sing praise to God, they do it with the spirit and the understanding also; not in the miserable scandalous doggerel of Sternhold and Hopkins, but in psalms and hymns which are both sense and poetry."...They are "sung in well composed and well adapted tunes, not by a handful of wild unawakened striplings, but by a whole serious congregation; and these, not lolling at ease, or in the indecent posture of sitting, but all standing before God, and praising Him lustily and with a good courage[1]." Some good, if somewhat broad, hints may be found here.

It may be interesting to know what was thought of these services of Wesley's by some of the people of his own day. Here are a few lines from an account of a visit to one of the chapels by a man of the world, a witty but not a very satisfactory man, Horace Walpole. —"I have been," he says, "at one opera, Mr Wesley's. They have boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns, in parts, to Scotch ballad tunes; but indeed so long, that one would think they were already in eternity, and knew how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat....Wesley is a lean

[1] Southey, *Life of Wesley*, Chap. xxi.

elderly man, fresh coloured, his hair smoothly combed, but with a *soupçon* of curl at the ends. Wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast, and with so little accent, that I am sure he has often uttered it, for it was like a lesson. There were parts and eloquence in it; but towards the end, he exalted his voice, and acted very vulgar enthusiasm....Except a few from curiosity, and *some honourable women*, the congregation was very mean[1]."

As we may conclude, John Wesley was a man of strong opinions. He would not brook opposition. Hence, probably, the success of his organization. He soon differed from the Moravians, who became his bitter enemies. He parted from Zinzendorf, who had come to England, and, as he said, parted "without the least hope of reconciliation." Soon after, he separated from Whitefield, whose Calvinistic doctrines were far too extreme for him. The two fathers of Methodism remained friends. "You and I preach a different Gospel," said Whitefield. Henceforth, there were two distinct parties among the Methodists.

John Wesley's relations with women do not appear to have been fortunate; with his wife, the most unfortunate of all. He married a widow, Mrs Vazeille, in 1751. The marriage was an unhappy one. He was

[1] *Private Correspondence of Horace Walpole.*

always busy. She thought herself neglected. She ran away several times, and was induced to come back. She tried the experiment once too often, and was not asked to return. "I did not forsake her," he wrote in his journal, "I did not dismiss her. I will not recall her[1]." For many years after this, John Wesley went on ruling and organizing his great system. He travelled and preached incessantly, and yet found time to write much. He died, earnest to the last, on March 2nd, 1791, at the age of eighty-eight[2].

Meanwhile, his brother Charles had led a quieter life, and was a much more domestic character. He continued to preach among the Methodists, especially in London and Bristol, and died three years before his brother. But it is as a hymn writer that the name of Charles Wesley will live, and live for long. It is said that he composed altogether above six thousand hymns. He was writing and publishing them almost to the day of his death. They are of all kinds, and for all occasions. He contributed the great majority of the hymns in the Wesleyan *Collection*, already mentioned. From the

[1] "Non eam reliqui—non dimisi—non revocabo". It has been doubted whether after he wrote this, his wife did not, but only for a time, rejoin him.

[2] Compare Southey, *Life of Wesley; The Churchman's Life of Wesley*, by R. Denny Urbin (S. P. C. K.); and, for further details, *Life and Times of Rev. John Wesley*, by Rev. L. Tyerman, 1871.

year 1741 onwards, he published very many volumes of hymns[1]. Some are of remarkable excellence, and are justly popular with nearly all bodies of Christians. It is said that some were written on cards, as he rode on horseback. At times, he would hasten home, and rush for pen and ink, that he might put down the words which were burning within him. Very familiar to us are the following:—

"Hark, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 60; *Church Hymns* 80; *Hymnal Comp.* 78)

Charles Wesley wrote—

"Hark, how all the welkin rings
Glory to the King of Kings."

but this was altered as above by his brother John, or by Martin Madan, in 1760. The hymn consisted of five stanzas; portions of the two last are now often combined[2].

"Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 193; *Church Hymns* 396; *Hymnal Comp.* 140)

This, in the original form, has also five stanzas.

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[1] A curious list is given in Miller, *Singers and Songs of the Church*, p. 185; the first is—*Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741.

[2] The hymn appeared in 1739. The two last lines of the first verse, now often altered, were—

"Universal nature say,
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day!"

"O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?"

(*Ancient & Mod.* **195**; *Church Hymns* **455**; *Hymnal Comp.* **296**)

Few *personal* hymns are equal to this.

The magnificent Advent hymn—

"Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **51**; *Church Hymns* **69**; *Hymnal Comp.* **64**)

This is often said to be by Martin Madan, because it is found in the *Collection* of hymns published by him in 1760[1]. It is really a cento, or selection, of six verses compiled by Madan from two hymns by Charles Wesley and one by John Cennick, who for a time was a friend of the Wesleys[2]. Cennick's hymn commenced—

"Lo, He cometh, countless trumpets."

From it are taken the third and fourth verses, which begin respectively—

[1] Madan was Chaplain to the Lock Hospital, and cousin and friend of William Cowper. He himself wrote no hymns.

[2] Cennick was first a preacher under John Wesley, then under Whitefield; he afterwards joined the Moravians. The above hymn appeared in 1752. He was also the author of—

"Brethren, let us join to bless."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **512**)

and

"Children of the heavenly King."
(*Church Hymns* **342**; *Hymnal Comp.* **340**)

"Every island, sea, and mountain."

and—

"Now Redemption long expected."

The other four verses are from Wesley's two hymns, which were written in 1758[1], when there were "wars and rumours of wars" throughout Europe and much trouble in England.

This hymn has also been often ascribed wrongly to Thomas Olivers, he having written a hymn or ode in the same metre and with the same first line—

"Lo, He comes, with clouds descending!
Hark! the trump of God is blown."

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[1] These are Numbers 38 and 39 in his *Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind*, 1758. In the concluding verse, beginning—

"Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,"

Charles Wesley wrote—

"Jah Jehovah,
Everlasting God come down!"

Madan made the change to—

"O, come quickly,"

from a line of Cennick's.
The verse often inserted, beginning—

"Those dear tokens of His Passion,"

was also Wesley's. To avoid confusion, it may be stated that—
in *Ancient and Modern* all the four verses are by C. Wesley;
in *Church Hymns* verse 3 is by Cennick, the rest by C. Wesley;
in *Hymnal Comp.* verse 4 is by Cennick, the rest by C. Wesley.
Compare *The Book of Praise*, No. xc. note.

Moreover he composed the tune "Helmsley" to which it is generally sung. It is said that Olivers took the tune from a street song which he accidentally heard[1].

Then we have the Easter hymn—

"Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say[2]."
(*Church Hymns* **134**; *Hymnal Comp.* **182**)

It may be noted here, that the popular Easter hymn in the same metre—

"Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah!"
(*Ancient & Mod.* **134**; *Church Hymns* **136**; *Hymnal Comp.* **183**)

is by an unknown author. It was appended to the edition of the "New Version" of the Psalms which was put out in 1796; but it had appeared before in *The Compleat Psalmodist* by John Arnold in 1749. The *Gloria* to it, often appended as a fourth verse, is by Charles Wesley[3].

[1] This is quite compatible with the statement, that "Helmsley" is the tune to a once popular song—"Guardian angels now protect me," and afterwards a dance tune in a play called the 'Golden Pippin.' See Major Crawford's account in the notes to the *Irish Church Hymnal* and Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians.*

[2] To be carefully distinguished from the hymn by Miss Leeson, with the same first line (*Ancient and Mod.* 131).

[3] In a slightly different form the hymn has been found in a *Collection of Divine Songs and Hymns* entitled *Lyra Davidica,* [London

Then, his other Advent hymn—

"Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before Whose bar severe."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 205; *Hymnal Comp.* 59)

The beautiful Morning hymns—

"Christ, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true, the only Light."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 7; *Church Hymns* 4; *Hymnal Comp.* 6)

and—

"Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 8; *Hymnal Comp.* 12)

Also, perhaps, the most touching of his hymns—

"Come, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 369)

How admirable are these verses—

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

London, 1708, and appears to be a translation of a Latin hymn, probably of the 14th century—

Surrexit Christus hodie,

which is given in Daniel, *Thesaurus Hymnol.* i. p. 341. See also *The Book of Praise* and Crawford's Index to the *Irish Church Hymnal.*

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath cross'd the flood,
And part is crossing now.
. . . . . .
Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd;
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.

The figure of "the narrow stream" is perhaps due to the line of Watts, already mentioned—

"Death, like a narrow sea, divides."

And there is mary another hymn which want of space alone forbids us to quote[1].

[1] The following are so well known that they must be added—

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **181**)

"Come, Thou long-expected Jesus."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **96**)

"Gentle Jesu, meek and mild."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **408**)

"Hail the day that sees Him rise."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **147**; *Church Hymns* **143**; *Hymnal Comp.* **217**)

"Head of the Church triumphant."
(*Church Hymns* **161**; *Hymnal Comp.* **368**)

"Love Divine, all love excelling."
(*Church Hymns* **430**; *Hymnal Comp.* **295**)

"O for a heart to praise my God."
(*Church Hymns* **466**; *Hymnal Comp.* **305**)

["O for

One word must be said about Thomas Olivers. He was born in Montgomeryshire. He was, for a time, a shoemaker, and a man, as he himself confesses, of bad life in his early days, but was converted by a sermon of Whitefield's, at Bristol, on the text, "Is not this a firebrand plucked out of the fire?" He joined the Methodists, and became a travelling preacher under John Wesley, working chiefly in Cornwall. He himself says that his longer journeys were done for twenty-five years upon one horse, which carried him a distance of not less than 100,000 miles[1]. Olivers was by nature a musician and a poet, and died in 1799. He produced only two works of any note, two odes which would have been remarkable even in a man of the highest education. To one, reference has already been made. The other, written in 1770, reached a thirtieth edition in 1779.

"O for a thousand tongues to sing."
(*Church Hymns* **467**; *Hymnal Comp.* **502**)

"Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **248**)

"Soldiers of Christ, arise."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **270**; *Church Hymns* **501**; *Hymnal Comp.* **319**)

and that noble poem—

"Come, O Thou Traveller unknown."
(*Book of Praise*, cccxlv.)

The hymns of the Wesleys have been edited, in many volumes, by Dr Osborn, under the sanction of the Wesleyan Conference.

[1] See Southey, *Life of Wesley*, Chap. xvii.

It begins—

"The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above."
(*Church Hymns* 511; *Hymnal Comp.* 526)

Lord Selborne styles it, "an ode of singular power and beauty." The hymn is said to have given great encouragement to Henry Martyn when he was leaving bright prospects in his native land to enter upon his work in India. This fact gives additional interest to such stanzas as these—

The God of Abraham praise,
At Whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At His command:
The watery deep I pass
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

We must not fail to mention one whose hymns have been upon the lips of thousands, who yet never

heard him mentioned—Augustus Montague Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages." Toplady was the son of a major in the army, and was born in 1740, at Farnham in Surrey. He was educated at Westminster and at Trinity College, Dublin, and was always a diligent student of books. He early entertained decided religious views, and wrote several sacred poems. But it was after he was ordained, at his living of Broad Hembury in Devonshire, that most of his hymns were composed. He was practically a Calvinistic Methodist, of a very strange temper and holding strong Calvinistic views. On these points, he had a bitter controversy with John Wesley[1]. His health was ever very weak. Under medical advice, he removed to London in 1775. There he engaged the French Calvinist Church for Sunday and Wednesday evenings, and set up a private chapel. For three years he preached with astonishing success, yet evidently dying by inches; until, in the midst of his labours, he sank into the grave at the early age of thirty-eight.

These circumstances give great force to some of his more noted hymns. Of his 133 hymns, the majority were published while he was in London[2].

[1] See Southey, *Life of Wesley*, Chap. xxv.

[2] See the Collection of his hymns, published, together with an account of the author, by D. Sedgwick, 1860. Many hymns have been wrongly ascribed to Toplady.

"Rock of ages, cleft for me."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 184; *Church Hymns* 490; *Hymnal Comp.* 133)

was published, in 1776, in the *Gospel Magazine*, of which Toplady was for a time the editor. It is there entitled—"A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world." The words "Rock of Ages" are, no doubt, taken from the marginal rendering in our Bibles of Isaiah xxvi. 4—"In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength" or "is the Rock of ages." Almost all editions change the second line of the fourth verse—"When my eye-strings break in death," into "When my eyelids close in death."

This hymn has been considered by many the finest hymn in the English language. I confess, that it does not "find me," as Coleridge put it, so much as some others. It appears to be open to serious literary criticism. And yet, not for a moment would I attempt to detract one iota from the power of a hymn, which has been the source of comfort on so many a sick bed, from that of the Prince Consort of England to that of the humblest believer in his need.

Three other hymns of Toplady are well known, especially to those in sorrow or sickness, and possess great power:—

"Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take."

(*Hymnal Comp.* 511)

"When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 459)

written late, and, as he says, "in illness."
And—

"Deathless principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies[1]."

which he entitled, "The dying believer to his soul."

Only a little time is left in which to speak of the once famous Olney Hymns. And yet they bring before us the name of one of the best, best in every sense of the word, of the poets of England—William Cowper. With it, we must link that of his friend, John Newton. William Cowper, who had some high legal connections, was born, in 1731, at Great Berkhampstead in Hertfordshire. After leaving Westminster School, he was trained for the bar, and resided for eleven years in the Middle Temple[2]. Unhappily, he had a constitutional tendency to insanity, which, under excitement, took the form of religious delusion. From time to time, the darkness fell upon him. A comfortable office had been found for him—Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords. Some question as to the right of nomination arose, and he was called to appear publicly at the bar

[1] *The Book of Praise*, No. clvi.
[2] Latterly, he was in the Inner Temple.

of the House. This, working upon his extreme nervousness, upset his reason. He attempted suicide, and for some eighteen months, until 1765, was under restraint.

We now draw near the point of special interest to us. On his recovery, in order to be within reach of his brother, a Fellow of Corpus College, Cambridge, he went to live at Huntingdon. There he made the acquaintance of a clergyman's family, named Unwin, who were to be his life-long friends and comfort. For two years he lived in their house. The sudden death of Mr Unwin necessitated a change. At the instance of their friend, John Newton, they removed to Olney in Buckinghamshire, of which Newton was the curate. Cowper was now thirty-six years of age. His literary efforts had only been of the most trifling character. He was still haunted at times by the delusion that he was cut off from salvation, that God had turned away His face from him[1].

John Newton was a man of remarkable zeal and vigour, who had taken up rather free Calvinistic views. He held religious meetings at a vacant house in Olney, called the Great House. In these, somewhat

[1] Some idea of his feelings may be gathered from the ghastly poem written by him about the time of his first serious attack—

"Hatred and vengeance,—my eternal portion."

excited gatherings, he persuaded Cowper to take a leading part[1]. He himself had written many hymns to be used at the meetings. He wished to publish a volume of hymns, and got Cowper to assist in its composition. This was the origin of the *Olney Hymns*, published in 1779[2]. Of this Collection, Cowper wrote sixty-eight hymns, Newton two hundred and eighty. Among the best known of Cowper's are :—

"God of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 374; *Church Hymns* 258; *Hymnal Comp.* 457)

entitled "Looking upwards in a storm."

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 275)

The beautiful and cheering hymn of confidence, entitled "Joy and peace in believing"—

"Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 525)

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[1] Compare the good *Memoir* by Rev. W. Benham prefixed to the Globe edition of Cowper's *Poems*, also Southey's *Life of Cowper*.

[2] The volume of *Olney Hymns* was in three Books— I. On Select Texts of Scripture ; II. On Occasional Subjects ; III. On the Spiritual Life.

And—

"Hark! my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 260; *Hymnal Comp.* 297)

There are two which tell, in pathetic words, of his own melancholy experience—

"O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 147)

And the finest of all—

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 373; *Church Hymns* 257; *Hymnal Comp.* 278)

This was the last Cowper wrote for the Olney Collection. It was in January, 1773. The shadows were again falling over him thick and fast. The hymn is entitled "Light shining out of darkness." It is said, he got possessed with the idea, that it was the will of God he should go to a particular spot on the river, and drown himself. He started in a post-chaise; but the driver missed his way. The cloud lifted for a season from his mind; and on his return home, he wrote this hymn. At all events these lines tell their own story—

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain[1].

John Newton, in his early days, had lived a wild

[1] Some of the *Olney Hymns* were written before this period. Thus—

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,"

when, recovering from his first attack of madness, he determined to retire from London into the country. And just previous to this determination—

"How blessed Thy creature is, O God."

Also—

"Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat."
(*Church Hymns* 312; *Hymnal Comp.* 207)

This was written for the opening meeting at the "Great House" at Olney.

Another good hymn is—

"What various hindrances we meet."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 246; *Hymnal Comp.* 213)

strange life. He had been in the navy. He had deserted; had been a slaver, and commanded a slave ship—for years a hardened sinner, and yet a diligent student. When he was twenty-four, he experienced a religious change, and, though in the slave trade, led a new life[1]. At the age of thirty, in 1764, he was ordained. To him, we owe such noble hymns as—

"How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 176; *Church Hymns* 387; *Hymnal Comp.* 290)

"Glorious things of Thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God."
(*Church Hymns* 368; *Hymnal Comp.* 284)

And—

"Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer[2]."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 119)

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[1] To his past life he seems to refer in his fine hymn—

"In evil long I took delight,
Unmoved by shame or fear."
(*Book of Praise*, No. cccxxxiv.)

See also *Memoirs of Rev. John Newton* by Josiah Bull, 1868.

[2] In addition, among the best known are—

"Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 279)

"Come, my soul, thy suit prepare."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 203)

["Day of

Newton's great object, he said, was to have hymns which should be clear and simple, and in which poor as well as rich could join. Such he undoubtedly produced. Newton was afterwards the well-known rector of a Church in London, S. Mary's, Woolnoth, and died in 1807, at the age of eighty-two.

We must not conclude without a few parting words, if somewhat sad words, about William Cowper. No doubt, the injudicious religious excitement, fostered by Newton, was most injurious to him. Six years after he reached Olney, he was again insane. Gradually, his recovery came about, aided not a little by the three tame hares whom he has made famous. It was in 1780, when he was nearly fifty years old, that he was urged by Mrs Unwin and other friends to engage in poetry,

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"Day of judgment, day of wonders."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 65)

compare p. 39.

"Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear."
(*Church Hymns* 313; *Hymnal Comp.* 200)

The original hymn has seven verses and begins, "O Lord, our languid souls inspire." It was written, with the one of Cowper's, for the opening meeting at the "Great House."

"May the grace of Christ our Saviour."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 216)

"Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal."
(*Church Hymns* 92; *Hymnal Comp.* 90)

And—

"Why should I fear the darkest hour?"
(*Church Hymns* 557; *Hymnal Comp.* 333)

in order to distract his mind. Then, and not till then, he began those works which have placed him among the first of England's poets. Who has not been gladdened by the purity and beauty of "The Task," or of one of his smaller pieces? Who has not wondered at his translations from Homer? Who has not had to learn by heart—

> "I am monarch of all I survey,
> I am lord of the fowl and the brute"?

Who has not laughed at his "History of John Gilpin"? A true poet of nature, who felt that, as he said—

> "God made the country, and man made the town."[1]

Four years before his own death, died his devoted friend of thirty years, Mary Unwin, to whom, but for his terrible malady, he would have been married long before. The blow fell heavily upon him. It deepened the growing gloom. The gleams became fewer and fewer, though ever, when they shone, there was the same high trust in God. In the first year of the century, the end came; and William Cowper passed away to "where the weary are at rest," to where there broke over his darkened mind, the light of the Eternal Day.

[1] *The Task.*—Book I. "The Sofa."

LECTURE IV.

MODERN HYMNOLOGY.

LECTURE IV.

The 18th century was a dark period in the history of the Church of England. Apathy and indifference characterized too many of Her priests and people. Men of fervent religious views were estranged from Her. In all ages of the Christian Church, as we have seen, the production of hymns has been an invariable evidence of religious earnestness at the time. The hymnody of the 18th century was due, in the main, to Nonconformists or to men who disagreed with much in the Established Church. In the 19th century, this has been changed. With few exceptions, the noblest and the most numerous of the hymns of the last sixty to eighty years have come from the heart of the Church of England. And it cannot be denied, that there has been an astonishing development of religious earnestness, an upheaval of the old sedimentary rocks, a shaking among the dry bones, a breathing upon Her of the Spirit of the living God.

The materials before us are now overwhelming.

Many of our hymn writers have produced, perhaps, only one hymn that has acquired much popularity. It has, therefore, become difficult to avoid presenting what would be little more than a mere catalogue of names.

The first name that we shall consider is that of Thomas Kelly, who lived up to our own time, 1855, although the first edition of his hymns was published in 1804. He was the son of an Irish Judge. After passing through the University of Dublin, he entered at the Temple, in London, with a view of being called to the bar. An earnest study of the Bible and of theological works made him take up very serious religious views. He was ordained in 1792, and preached in Dublin with great success. From this date onward for many years, his hymns were from time to time composed; until at last he had published seven hundred and sixty-five. Among them are—

"We sing the praise of Him Who died,
Of Him Who died upon the Cross."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 200; *Church Hymns* 542; *Hymnal Comp.* 168)

This hymn is, indeed, all but unequalled, simple and yet true poetry. For example, how exquisite are these verses—

"The cross—it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up:
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light."

The Missionary hymn,—

"Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them;
Thou art Lord of winds and waves."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 111)

and the beautiful Evening hymn—

"Through the day Thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest[1]."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 25; *Church Hymns* 34; *Hymnal Comp.* 27)

Kelly took up such strong opinions against the Church of England in his sermons in Dublin, that the

[1] These also are often sung:—

"Come, see the place where Jesus lay."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 139)

altered from Kelly's hymn which begins—

"He's gone. See where His body lay."

"From Egypt lately come."
(*Church Hymns* 367; *Hymnal Comp.* 324)

"On the mountain's top appearing."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 104)

"The Head that once was crowned with thorns."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 301; *Hymnal Comp.* 219)

"We've no abiding city here."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 334)

Archbishop had to interfere, and forbid his preaching. He joined no sect, but, being wealthy, he built chapels in several places, and preached there. He lived to the age of eighty-six, a learned, religious and charitable, if somewhat fanatical man.

Few hymn writers have attained the popularity of James Montgomery. Few have produced so many hymns, which, if not of the highest order, are deservedly loved and admired. He had a curious history. His father was a Moravian preacher at Irvine, in Ayrshire; and there Montgomery was born. He was educated at the Moravian School of Fulneck, in Yorkshire, so called after the settlement in Moravia, of which we have already spoken in our last lecture[1]. His parents were sent out as missionaries to the West Indies, and they shortly died. He was designed for a preacher. But he had determined to be a poet, and poetry was utterly forbidden at the school. I say determined, for before he was fourteen, he had written a heroic poem, a thousand lines in length. The following note was placed on the school records:—"James Montgomery, notwithstanding repeated admonitions, has not been more attentive; it was resolved to put him to a business, at least for a time." At the age of sixteen, in 1787, he was placed with a shopkeeper at Mirfield in Yorkshire. During

[1] See above p. 112.

the next four years, he was in various similar positions; but ever leading a secluded life; ever engaged in poetry and music, or in general writing, rather than in business. Even when shopman to a bookseller in London, he could get nothing published. At last a tale in prose found its way into *The Bee*, an Edinburgh periodical. A novel which he wrote, and in which he had too well imitated Smollett and Fielding, was refused, because the characters swore too much. But the boy was becoming a man. When twenty-one, he went to be clerk to Mr Joseph Gales, a Sheffield bookseller and editor of *The Sheffield Reporter*, a paper of very advanced political views. Within two years, Mr Gales fled to America to avoid a warrant of arrest for treason. Montgomery, who had contributed articles, became editor of the same paper under the name of *The Sheffield Iris.* This he edited for thirty-one years. Twice in its early days, he was fined and imprisoned for things which appeared in the paper, things not very serious, but which the Government of the day thought dangerous. A strange training this for a hymn writer. A strange position for one who was naturally mild and retiring, and devoted to poetry. From that time, however, matters went well with him, and he won the esteem of all.

His first large poem, *The Wanderer in Switzerland,* he published in 1807. Many others were written from time to time, the most noted being *The Pelican Island.*

It was not until 1822 that he published any of his hymns. Some appeared first in *Songs of Zion*, others in *The Christian Psalmist*[1]. His book called *Original Hymns* did not come out until 1853, and it concluded his many poetical works. After he gave up his newspaper, he was much engaged in delivering lectures on literature, and in speaking at religious meetings. His literary efforts were rewarded with a Government pension of £200 a year. He had formally joined the Moravian Church when he was forty-three, and remained closely connected with them until his death at the age of eighty-two[2]. All he said or wrote has to be taken with the reservation, that it is by a man of restricted education, who was a dangerously fluent poet. Still, how much we are indebted to him.

It is hard to surpass his—

"Hail, to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 219; *Church Hymns* 379; *Hymnal Comp.* 113)

founded on Psalm lxxii. It was repeated by him at the end of a speech at a missionary meeting in Liverpool.

[1] *Or Hymns Selected and Original*, 1825.

[2] Compare his *Memoirs* by J. Holland and J. Everett, 1856, and a good summary in the *English Cyclopædia*.

Few hymns are more popular than—

"For ever with the Lord!
Amen; so let it be[1]."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 231; *Church Hymns* 363; *Hymnal Comp.* 237)

Of his more solemn hymns, take the Passion hymn—

"Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 110; *Church Hymns* 370; *Hymnal Comp.* 164)

Then the Ordination hymn—

"Pour out thy Spirit from on high,
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless
(*Ancient & Mod.* 355[2]; *Church Hymns* 253; *Hymnal Comp.* 538)

And how often we sing, without thinking to whom we owe them—

"Songs of praise the Angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 297; *Church Hymns* 503; *Hymnal Comp.* 513)

a true Church hymn of praise.

The Christmas hymn—

"Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth."
(*Church Hymns* 76; *Hymnal Comp.* 80)

[1] Some Hymnals, as *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, omit the last verse (of four lines), which, as the last of the original twenty-two verses, completes the sense of the first verse.

[2] This is altered, so that it begins—

"Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high,
And Thine ordained servants bless."

the third person being used for the first throughout.

and a fine hymn—

"O Spirit of the living God,
In all Thy plentitude of grace.[1]"
(*Church Hymns* 293; *Hymnal Comp.* 44)

There is one often sung, still more often with pleasure read, which is rather an ode to prayer than a hymn, but it is real poetry—

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[1] The following, found in many Hymnals, are also by Montgomery—

The Sacramental hymn,

"According to Thy gracious word."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 377)

"Come to the morning prayer."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 10)

"Hark, the song of Jubilee."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 115)

"In the hour of trial,
Jesu, pray for me."
(*Church Hymns* 391; *Hymnal Comp.* 143)

the second line of which is open to serious question.

"Lord, teach us how to pray aright."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 247; *Church Hymns* 424; *Hymnal Comp.* 5)

"O where shall rest be found."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 344)

"Palms of glory, raiment bright."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 445; *Hymnal Comp.* 358)

"Praise the Lord through every nation."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 529)

translated from the Dutch of Rhijnvis Feith, 1805.

["Servant of

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 212)

This was written for a book on Prayer, which the late Rev. E. Bickersteth was about to publish in 1818, and written at his request. These familiar verses are well worthy to be cited—

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gate of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

O Thou, by Whom we come to God!
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

"Servant of God, well done."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 487)

"Stand up, and bless the Lord."
(*Church Hymns* 504; *Hymnal Comp.* 505)

"To Thy temple I repair."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 201)

And

"What are these in bright array?"
(*Hymnal Comp.* 361)

We must pause here for a moment to speak of the alterations made in hymns by the compilers of hymn-books. It has been done, and, I am afraid, it must be done. Authors complain, and very often with justice. John Wesley wrote, as usual, very sarcastically, concerning some who had taken and altered his own and his brother's hymns:—"I desire they would not attempt to mend them; for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore, I must beg of them one of these two favours; either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better for worse, or to add the true meaning in the margin or at the bottom of the page, that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or the doggerel of other men[1]." And yet in the Methodist Hymn Book, the Wesleys deliberately altered the hymns of Watts and others.

Montgomery complained bitterly of what he called this cross of hymn writers[2]. Yet he himself altered hymns in his *Christian Psalmist;* and there is a charming *naiveté* in the following, when he had been assisting Thomas Cotterill to bring out a hymn-book in 1819:—"Good Mr Cotterill and I bestowed a great deal of labour and care upon the compilation of that book, clipping, interlining, and remodelling hymns of all sorts, as we

[1] *Hymns for the Use of the People called Methodists*, 1780, Preface.
[2] *Original Hymns*, 1853, Preface.

thought we could correct the sentiment or improve the expression[1]."

In some cases, alterations have been an acknowledged benefit. For example, the change in "Rock of Ages" of the line—

"When my eye-strings break in death,"

already noticed[2]; and the last line of—

"Hail to the Lord's Anointed,"

where

"His changeless Name of Love,"

is a manifest improvement upon

"His Name to us is Love."

Many hymns, without some alteration or omission, could not have been used in our Church of England Service. Still, this should be done with moderation. In too many cases, hymns have been forced to fit the theology or, perhaps, the want of taste of the compiler, until their sense and living power have all but gone. Sometimes, the hymns have lost their identity, and their parents would not know their own children.

We now approach a band of great hymn poets, of whom the Church of England may well be proud—Mant, Heber, Milman, Grant, Keble. But before we reach them, one hymn by each of two writers must be specially mentioned. The first, Joseph Dacre Carlyle, the city

[1] Miller, *Singers and Songs of the Church*, p. 362.

[2] See above p. 132.

of Carlisle may well reckon among her worthies, if it be only that he composed that almost perfect hymn—

"Lord, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour.[1]"

(*Ancient & Mod.* **244**; *Church Hymns* **429**; *Hymnal Comp.* **123**)

Carlyle was born in 1758, and went from the Cathedral School to Cambridge, where he gained a fellowship at Queens' College. He at once commenced the study of Oriental literature. He returned to Carlisle, married, and was for some years Vicar of S. Cuthbert's Parish. He was made Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, and the next year succeeded the great Paley as Chancellor of the Diocese. Shortly after, he went out with Lord Elgin, the ambassador at Constantinople, to examine the literary treasures of the East. On his return home, he was made Vicar of Newcastle, but died in 1804. The hymn, with two others, is found in a volume of

[1] The hymn was written as "introductory to Public Worship." The two inferior verses on *praise* are usually omitted, and thus the completeness is marred, as well as the reference to Faith, Hope and Love.

"When our responsive tongues essay,
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.

Then on Thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review,
Till Love divine transported tell
Our God's our Father too."

poems written during his Eastern tour, and published after his death. It was long connected with the name of Lady Flora Hastings, in whose handwriting it was found when she died.

The other writer, the poet Henry Kirke White, fell like a beam of light upon the earth, then passed away. His father was a butcher in Nottingham, and by him Kirke White was destined for that very unpoetical trade. Through the influence of his mother, who was a woman of superior education, he was placed in an attorney's office. His earliest poem was written at thirteen. Besides making great progress in law, he learned Latin and Greek, together with French, Italian and Spanish. He acquired a knowledge of chemistry and astronomy, and contributed prose and verse to various periodicals. At the age of seventeen, he published a volume of poems, which made him known to his future biographer, the poet Southey[1]. He now became intensely anxious to go to Cambridge, and prepare for taking Holy Orders. His wishes were with difficulty accomplished. He entered at St John's College. Never very strong in health, he worked with great energy and under great excitement. Twice in his annual College examination, he was placed the first man in his year. The third year, the tight-strung cord snapped; the frail vessel broke in pieces. Kirke White died one Sunday in October, 1806, at the

[1] See *Remains of Henry Kirke White.*

age of twenty-two. After his death, on the back of one of his mathematical papers, was found that most deservedly popular hymn—

"Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward Christians, onward go."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 291; *Church Hymns* 464; *Hymnal Comp.* 327)

It was in an incomplete form; and, as usually sung, was completed by Frances Fuller Maitland in 1827. The first line is almost universally altered to—

"Oft in danger, oft in woe."

Kirke White wrote a few other hymns, among them the beautiful Evening hymn—

"O Lord, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band[1]."

Bishop Mant seems to belong to a day long passed, and yet he only died in 1848. His *Commentary* on the Bible and his edition of the Book of Common Prayer are already old-fashioned; but some of his hymns are as fresh and as popular as ever. Richard Mant was born at Southampton, the native town of Isaac Watts. From Winchester School he went to Oxford and became Fellow of Oriel College. After holding various livings he was promoted to the Irish bishopric of Killaloe, then translated to that of Down and Connor. He was early a poet, and like other poets made a metrical version of the

[1] *The Book of Praise*, No. cclviii.

Psalms. He published many works in prose and verse. The most interesting to us is a volume of hymns, in 1837. Many of them were founded on ancient Latin hymns[1]. His translation of the *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*—

"By the Cross, sad vigil keeping,
Stood the Mother, doleful, weeping."

has been already mentioned in our first Lecture[2]. Another, well known, of the same character, is the Good Friday hymn—

"See the destined day arise,
See a willing Sacrifice."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **113**; *Hymnal Comp.* **166**)

From the Latin of the Roman Breviary—

Lustra sex qui jam peregit, tempus implens corporis[3].

Also his beautiful Trinity hymn—

"Bright the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer.[4]"
(*Ancient & Mod.* **161**; *Hymnal Comp.* **34**)

[1] *Ancient Hymns from the Roman Breviary, with Original Hymns*, 1837.

[2] See above p. 38.

[3] This is part of the Latin hymn—

Pange lingua gloriosi lauream certaminis.

a *Breviary* imitation of the hymn by Venantius Fortunatus—

Pange lingua gloriosi prœlium certaminis.

See above p. 24.

[4] This hymn begins in some Hymnals (*Church Hymns* 491) with the verse— ["Round

Another bishop, Bishop Heber, initiated a new era in our Church hymnody. He not only wrote many hymns which had in them a peculiar beauty, but he wrote many that were well adapted to the Services of the Church. Reginald Heber was born in 1783 at Malpas, in Cheshire, of which place his father was rector. He went to Oxford, and became a Fellow of All Souls. While at Oxford, he gained several University prizes, one of them by his beautiful poem *Palestine*. In that poem occur the lines, in regard to the Temple at Jerusalem, which we see so often quoted—

> "No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung,
> Like some tall palm, the mystic fabric sprung.
> Majestic silence!"

It is not generally known that these lines are due to the suggestion of Sir Walter Scott. He was breakfasting at Oxford with Heber's brother. The poem was brought out and read. Sir Walter Scott noted the omission of that remarkable circumstance connected with the erection of the Temple, that no tool of iron

---

"Round the Lord, in glory seated."

These are also Bishop Mant's—

"For all Thy saints, O Lord."

(*Church Hymns* 197; *Hymnal Comp.* 351)

"Son of Man, to Thee I cry."

(*Church Hymns* 502)

was heard while it was in building (1 Kings vi. 7). Heber then and there added those lines[1].

At the age of twenty-four, Heber got the family living of Hodnet in Shropshire. Few men have discharged better the duties of a parish priest. He was a good deal engaged in literature. Among other works, he published, in 1812, *Poems and Translations for Weekly Church Service*[2]. This was the germ of his later Hymn-book. One of his most cherished desires was that the hymn singing and hymnody of our Churches might be improved. It is said, that he was only dissuaded by the Bishop of London from seeking license or authority for a general Church Hymn-book. One of his hymns has, perhaps, been more often sung in public than any other hymn—

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 358; *Church Hymns* 290; *Hymnal Comp.* 112)

The interesting story of its birth is related in Heber's *Life*. He was staying at Wrexham with his father-in-law, Dr Shipley, Dean of S. Asaph, who was also Vicar of Wrexham. On Whitsunday, 1819, the Dean was going to preach on behalf of the Society for the Propa-

[1] In later editions the lines were altered to the form—

"No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung,
Like some tall palm, the noiseless fabric sprung."

[2] Some of his hymns appeared first in *The Christian Observer*, 1811.

gation of the Gospel. On the Saturday before, while some friends were present, he asked Heber to write something for them to sing in the morning. Heber went to a side-table; and shortly the Dean asked him what he had done. He read over three verses. "There that will do very well," said the Dean. "No, no," he replied, "the sense is not complete." And he added the beautiful fourth verse—

"Waft, waft ye winds His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign[1]."

This was but a small sign of the interest in missionary work which led Heber, with certain prospects of high promotion at home, after twice declining the offer, to accept the bishopric of Calcutta in 1823. Calcutta is a vast diocese now. What must it have been at that time, when it included the whole of India, Ceylon, the Mauritius *and* Australia. He entered on his episcopal

[1] The autograph of the hymn was shewn at the Great Exhibition in 1851. The only erasure which had been made was in the change of "savage" to "heathen" in the second verse. *Notes and Queries*, 4th. Series, vol. ii. p. 87.

work with amazing zeal. The *Journal* which he kept during his visitation of that diocese is a most interesting work. Within three years after his arrival in India, he had gone to Trichinopoly. Early in the morning of Monday, April 3, in that hot climate, he had held a confirmation. The bishop went to have a cold bath before breakfast. His attendant wondered at his long delay. He went in, and saw the lifeless body in the water. A true servant of God had been called away. Amid the universal sorrow which arose in India, many a one thought in the lines of his own beautiful hymn—

"Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide.
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died."

Heber had intended to put out a collection of hymns, chiefly his own, for general use and as being connected with the Church Service. They were published in 1827, after his death[1]. So many are popular and well known that it is difficult to select. What poetry there is in the noble Trinity hymn—

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **160**; *Church Hymns* **7**; *Hymnal Comp.* **33**)

[1] *Hymns written and adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*, 1827. This contained many by Milman and others.

And the Epiphany hymn—

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid."

(*Church Hymns* 95; *Hymnal Comp.* 94)

And the Eastertide hymn—

"Hosanna, to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 241; *Church Hymns* 383; *Hymnal Comp.* 190)

Then there is the glorious roll of the Saints' Day triumph song—

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 439; *Church Hymns* 201; *Hymnal Comp.* 352)

written for S. Stephen's Day. The first verse only of the sweet Evening hymn—

"God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 26; *Church Hymns* 22; *Hymnal Comp.* 26)

is by Heber. The second is by Archbishop Whately, and is apparently founded to some extent on one of the numerous antiphons of the ancient Church for the Hour of Compline[1]. Lastly, we have the beautiful paraphrase of "Thy kingdom come," for Advent—

"O Saviour, is Thy promise fled?"

[1] Compline vi. *Sarum Psalter*—"Save us, O Lord, whilst waking, guard us sleeping, that we may watch in Christ and may repose in peace."

which ends thus—

"Come, Jesus, come! and as of yore
The prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day;

So now may grace, with heavenly shower,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come, and reap Thy harvest there[1]."

We have lingered long on this hymn poet. Critics may call some of these hymns too rhetorical; but they

[1] The following are also favourites, written by Heber—

"Bread of the world, in mercy broken."
(*Church Hymns* **204**; *Hymnal Comp.* **387**)

"By cool Siloam's shady rill."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **433**)

"I praised the earth in beauty seen."
(*Book of Praise*, cccIxi.)

The touching Litany—

"Lord of mercy and of might."
(*Church Hymns* **422**; *Hymnal Comp.* **37**)

"Spirit of truth, on this Thy day."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **242**)

"The Lord of Might from Sinai's brow."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **67**)

"Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore Thee."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **479**)

And

"When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming."

have a wonderful charm in them; they cling to the mind; and they are thoroughly congregational.

About this time, during the first quarter of the century, hymn-books began to come into common use in our Churches. We have seen Heber's design. Soon in many little centres, compilations were made, more or less valuable, for local use. It is no exaggeration to say that, since Heber's day, they may be numbered by thousands. It would appear that now, perhaps by the survival of the fittest, three or four good Hymnals are almost driving the others out of the field.

There were, at the University of Cambridge, two brothers, named Grant, at the same College, and in the same year. They both took distinguished places in the examinations in 1801[1]. The elder brother, Charles, became Lord Glenelg, Secretary of State for the Colonies. The younger, Robert, was knighted, and went out to India as Governor of Bombay. Sir Robert wrote and published several good hymns at different times of his life. A volume of these, entitled *Sacred Poems*, was put out by Lord Glenelg after his brother's death.

[1] Curiously enough in the class lists they were together, Robert the younger being third wrangler and Charles being fourth; and again they were together in the classical examination, the elder being now the first Chancellor's medallist, Robert being the second.

Three of them should certainly be named. The well-known Litany—

"Saviour, when in dust to Thee,
Low we bow the adoring knee."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **251**; *Church Hymns* **494**; *Hymnal Comp.* **35**)

The touching lines—

"When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few."
(*Church Hymns* **546**; *Hymnal Comp.* **463**)

and the bold hymn of praise—

"O worship the King,
All glorious above."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **167**; *Church Hymns* **477**: *Hymnal Comp.* **520**)

Dean Milman's best known hymns appeared in the hymn-book by Bishop Heber, of which we have spoken[1]. Having come now to a hymn writer who only died in 1868, much historical matter would be superfluous. The incidents upon which we shall henceforth dwell will, therefore, be comparatively few. Henry Hart Milman was the son of Sir Francis Milman, physician to George III. He went to Oxford, became Fellow of Brazennose College; and in 1821 Professor of Poetry in that University. The year before, he had published his fine poem, *The Fall of Jerusalem.* Milman was afterwards made

[1] Milman himself also published a *Selection of Psalms and Hymns* in 1837.

Canon of Westminster, and died Dean of S. Paul's. Among his very numerous works, both in poetry and prose, his most valuable Histories of Christianity and of the Jews hold the first place. The beautiful and, at the same time, scholarly language in which they were written would lead us to expect the same in his hymns. And we are not disappointed. Few hymns are finer than that for Palm Sunday—

"Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **99**; *Church Hymns* **114**; *Hymnal Comp.* **161**)

The third line was written—

"Thine humble beast pursues his road."

This is almost invariably changed into—

"O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road[1].

Three others are well worthy of note:—That for the Second Sunday in Lent—

"O help us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **279**; *Church Hymns* **470**)

The Burial hymn—

"Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **481**)

[1] The alteration of the fine words in the third verse—

"The winged squadrons of the sky,"

into "The angel armies," is very weak.

and the solemn hymn, unequalled of its kind,—

"When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **399**; *Church Hymns* **548**; *Hymnal Comp.* **36**)

This was written for the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, the Gospel being that of the widow of Nain. This connection explains the refrain—

"Gracious Son of Mary, hear."

to which so much objection has been taken. Milman, a writer certainly with anything but papistical leanings, only wished to express the bearing on the human nature of our Blessed Lord. Of course, the line is frequently altered; the reference and the sense not unfrequently destroyed[1].

A great and honoured name, honoured not alone in the world of hymns, now meets us—John Keble. A quiet, a very quiet life, and yet a life of vast influence. We must only touch upon it, just where it especially concerns us. Keble was born at Fairford in Gloucestershire in 1792, his father being a clergyman. At the early age of eighteen, he took a distinguished degree at Oxford—a double first—and became a Fellow of Oriel College. He at once entered upon literary work. After

[1] Milman's hymn for Good Friday is also very fine—

"Bound upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?"

(*Hymnal Comp.* **173**)

a few years' residence at Oxford, being devoted to his aged father, he removed to Fairford and served some neighbouring curacies. He went in 1825, to be for a short time curate of Hursley in Hampshire; of which place he later became the Vicar. Here and at Fairford, amid the calm unostentatious duties of the country parish priest, Keble lived. Visits there were to Oxford from time to time in discharge of his duties as Professor of Poetry, to which office he was appointed in 1831.

Of his part in the great religious movement of that day, of the band of illustrious men by whom he was surrounded, such as Newman, Whately, Arnold, Pusey and others—some of whom he may in a sense be said to have inspired—of these I have nothing now to say. Of his prose writings, some, for example his edition of the *Works of Richard Hooker*[1] and his *Life of Bishop Wilson*[2], are of remarkable excellence. But the world has seized upon the *Christian Year*. What hymn-book does not contain "Sun of my soul"? In the *Christian Year*, most of his well-known hymns are found. It has guided the thought and the tone of many of the hymn poets of these later days. It was published in 1827, under

[1] This was published in 1836, and is now the standard edition.

[2] *The Life of Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man*, came out in 1863. Keble also edited a portion of his *Works*.

strong pressure from his friends[1]. Most of the poems had been written from time to time in previous years. His idea had been, as he said, to go on improving the series all his life, and leave it to come out, if judged useful, only when he should be fairly out of the way. But friends, such as Coleridge and Arnold, to whom he had read or given some of his poems, would not allow this. Arnold said—"Nothing equal to them exists in our language;" and he was right. During 1827, Keble wrote many additions to complete the series for the Church's year. He states his object to be "to develope a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion," and this by a work in close harmony with the Book of Common Prayer. No doubt, this writing for special days and subjects hampered the flight of his poetic genius. "He was," said Archbishop Whately, "like an eagle in chains." But he struck the key-note of all true religion in the motto which he put on the title page—"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength" (Isaiah xxx. 15). I myself know no body of uninspired poetry, where purity and power, where knowledge of Holy Scripture and knowledge of the

[1] See *Memoir of the Rev. John Keble* by Sir J. T. Coleridge, p. 117 seq., to which I am indebted for many of the above facts, as well as to a friend who was acquainted both with John Keble and his brother. To the same friend, I owe most of the information given below concerning Joseph Anstice.

human heart, where the love of nature and the love of Christ are so wonderfully combined.

The *Christian Year* was published anonymously, though Keble always owned the work. He had little idea of its importance. He used to speak of it as "that book." Its remarkable acceptance by the whole Christian world, by thousands who differed from him in his religious views, has proved its power over the minds of men. In twenty-five years, 108,000 copies had been issued, in 43 editions. In April 1873, when the copyright expired, 305,500 copies had been sold[1]. Since then the circulation has enormously increased, both in England and America. Keble himself lived to make some alterations in the 96th edition, published in 1866, the year of his death. Such a success is quite without a parallel in religious poetry. As we read the book, we are not surprised. "It is a book which leads the soul up to God, not through one, but through all, of the various faculties which He has implanted in it[2]." The poems are not all, from their nature or their metre, adapted for congregational singing. Such as these have now been well proved—

[1] In the nine months immediately following his death, seven editions were issued of 11,000 copies—*Memoir* by Sir J. T. Coleridge, p. 155.

[2] See Canon Barry's admirable Lecture on 'The Christian Year' in *Companions for the Devout Life.*

"New every morning is the love,
Our wakening and uprising prove."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **4**; *Church Hymns* **8**; *Hymnal Comp.* **3**)

taken from his Morning hymn of sixteen stanzas, beginning—

"Hues of the rich unfolding morn."

Then—

"There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **168**; *Church Hymns* **518**; *Hymnal Comp.* **262**)

part of the poem for Septuagesima Sunday.

"When God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **154**; *Church Hymns* **153**; *Hymnal Comp.* **243**)

part of the hymn for Whitsunday[1].

And, the most popular of all—

"Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **24**; *Church Hymns* **29**; *Hymnal Comp.* **16**)

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[1] The beautiful little hymn—

"Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **261**; *Church Hymns* **339**; *Hymnal Comp.* **349**)

should be mentioned here. It consists of two verses, the first and third, taken from the poem on The Purification, and two verses by the Compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern.*

In this hymn much of the beauty of the first verse is lost by not having the two preceding stanzas which Keble wrote. The change from the natural to the spiritual world is exquisitely carried out—

> 'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
> Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
> Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
> The last faint pulse of quivering light.
>
> In darkness and in weariness
> The traveller on his way must press,
> No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
> Whiling away the lonesome hour.
>
> Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
> It is not night if Thou be near:
> Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
> To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

In common with so many other poets, Keble tried his hand at a metrical version of the Psalms, which was published in 1839[1]. He only added another to the list of failures. He himself had the wisdom to write, that it was "undertaken with a serious apprehension that the thing attempted is, strictly speaking, impossible."

Ever fond of children, though without any of his own, he published, in 1846, *Lyra Innocentium, Thoughts in*

[1] *The Psalter or Psalms of David in English Verse.*

verse on Christian Children, some of which are very beautiful. A few hymns by Keble appeared subsequently in 1857[1]; such as the lovely Springtide hymn—

"Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **143**; *Church Hymns* **141**)

and the well-known Marriage hymn—

"The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **350**; *Church Hymns* **241**; *Hymnal Comp.* **454**)[2]

[1] These came out in the *Salisbury Hymnal.* He also contributed some of the poems in *Lyra Apostolica*, under the signature γ. Other hymns of his, often sung, are—

"A living stream, as crystal clear."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **213**)

altered from one of John Mason's *Spiritual Songs* (1683) beginning—

"My soul doth magnify the Lord."

"Hail, gladdening Light."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **18**, see p. **10**)

"The year begins with Thee."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **86**)

from the *Christian Year*, on The Circumcision.

"Word supreme, before creation."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **67**; *Church Hymns* **164**)

[2] It may be well to note here that the hymns of Joseph Anstice have often been ascribed to Keble. Among them are—

"Father, by Thy love and power."
(*Church Hymns* **20**; *Hymnal Comp.* **31**)

["Lord of

A year later than John Keble, in 1793, was born a poet, whose Evening hymn has perhaps surpassed even his in popularity—the author of "Abide with me," Henry Francis Lyte. He was a native of Kelso, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he distinguished himself by writing several prize poems. He was ordained to a curacy in Ireland, and about four years after removed to Lymington in Hampshire, where some of his hymns were written. His health was always weak, yet he devoted himself to his parish duties and to his books. He had often to travel abroad. It was the same story when, in 1823, he went to the living of Lower Brixham in Devonshire, which he held until his death. His well-known hymns are mainly taken from his book, "*Poems chiefly religious*," 1833, and from another entitled, "*The Spirit of the Psalms*," 1834. Among them, are many of acknowledged beauty—

"Lord of the harvest, once again."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 387)

"O Lord, how happy should we be."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 276; *Church Hymns* 452; *Hymnal Comp.* 469)

Joseph Anstice took a very high degree at Oxford, and became Student of Christ Church. After gaining several prizes, he was made Professor of Classics in King's College, London; but died before he was thirty years of age in 1836. His hymns were published after his death.

"Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 284; *Church Hymns* 358; *Hymnal Comp.* 135)

The hymn for public worship—

"Pleasant are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 240; *Church Hymns* 483; *Hymnal Comp.* 202)

And—

"Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet, thy tribute bring."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 298; *Church Hymns* 484; *Hymnal Comp.* 522)[1]

His daughter tells the story of the favourite of all—

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 27; *Church Hymns* 329; *Hymnal Comp.* 13)

He returned from abroad to his parish, in 1847, weak and ill. In September, to the surprise of his family, he would preach once more. He was utterly unfit for it. The sermon was a very touching one on the Holy Com-

[1] To these must be added—

"God of mercy, God of grace."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 218; *Church Hymns* 373)

and

"Jesus, I my cross have taken."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 311)

the latter often wrongly ascribed to Montgomery, as it appeared in the *Christian Psalmist*, and elsewhere.

munion. He was evidently in the last stage of exhaustion. The people listened breathlessly, as to a dying man. In the evening of the same day, he placed in the hand of a near relative that lovely hymn, with a tune of his own composing adapted to the words[1]. The second and last verses seem to receive a special force when we know this incident.

Soon afterwards, he was taken south, and died at Nice, where he was buried. The prayer was granted to him which he so beautifully expresses in the last verse of one of his later poems, called "Declining Days"—

> "O Thou, whose touch can lend
> Life to the dead, Thy quickening grace supply;
> And grant me, swan-like, my last breath to spend
> In song that may not die[2]."

Perhaps no hymns of these later days have obtained a wider acceptance than the hymns of Charlotte Elliott. For some years she appears to have lived a very quiet and devoted life at Torquay. Many of her hymns were written in an arbour overlooking the beautiful bay. She had much practical sympathy with those who were in sickness or sorrow. Hence, the strong expression of

[1] *Memoir*, by A. M. M. H. p. lii.
[2] *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1868.

personal religion which characterises most of her hymns. She never married, and died, an aged woman, some few years ago, at Brighton[1]. How many have found comfort in their trouble from the hymn—

"My God and (not 'my') Father, while I stray,
Far from my home in life's rough way."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **264**; *Church Hymns* **432**; *Hymnal Comp.* **337**)

with the refrain—

"Thy will be done."

It appeared first in the Appendix to *The Invalid's Hymn-book*, 1835[2]. She published *Hours of Sorrow cheered and comforted*, in 1836, and *Poems by C. E.* in 1863. In these books are her well-known hymns—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **255**; *Church Hymns* **408**; *Hymnal Comp.* **138**)

and—a hymn of considerable power and beauty—

"Christian, seek not yet repose;
Hear thy guardian Angel say."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **269**; *Church Hymns* **345**; *Hymnal Comp.* **321**)

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[1] The particulars about Charlotte Elliott were furnished me by one of her relatives.

[2] She was the editor of the later edition (1854) of this book.

with the refrain

"Watch and pray[1]."

There is one hymn writer to whom we owe much, and who went out from among us, with so many others, now nearly forty years ago—Frederick William Faber. Some of his beautiful hymns are spoiled by a strange sentimentalism; some are good and noble poetry. Faber was one of a family distinguished in literature. He took his degree at Oxford in 1836, and very soon established his reputation as a poet. Ten years later, he went over to the Roman Catholic Church. He was well known for many years in London, especially at the Brompton Oratory, until his death in 1863. He also wrote many prose religious works, all of them somewhat mystical but strikingly poetical. The first edition of his *Hymns* was published at Derby, in 1848; and he afterwards added largely to their number. The two which have caught the popular ear are not by any means his best:—

[1] These are also constantly sung—

"Let me be with Thee where Thou art."
(*Church Hymns* **412**; *Hymnal Comp.* **227**)

"My God, is any hour so sweet."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **11**)

"O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **326**)

"O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **139**)

"O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?"
(*Ancient & Mod.* **234**; *Church Hymns* **473**; *Hymnal Comp.* **475**)

and—"The pilgrims of the night"—

"Hark, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **223**; *Hymnal Comp.* **366**)

This last, as Bishop Alexander quaintly puts it, "combines every conceivable violation of every conceivable rule with every conceivable beauty." But whatever its faults, it somehow finds its way to the hearts of Christian people. Another favourite is the lovely Evening hymn—

"Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy Word into our minds instil."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **28**; *Church Hymns* **20**; *Hymnal Comp.* **25**)

We will only add that most solemn hymn for Good Friday—

"O come, and mourn with me a while,
O come ye to the Saviour's side[1]."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **114**; *Church Hymns* **122**; *Hymnal Comp.* **170**)

[1] The refrain of this hymn—

"Jesus, our Love, is crucified,"

should not, as in some Hymnals, be altered to "Jesus our Lord." It was founded on the saying of Ignatius in his letter to the Romans on his way to martyrdom—"I am full of desire to die for the sake of Christ. My Love has been crucified"—chap. vii. These by Faber are also familiar— ["Have

a hymn which, as Bickersteth well says, "can only be rightly sung when kneeling in thought by the Cross of Jesus."

One name has already been very frequently mentioned in these Lectures, that of John Mason Neale. He has probably had a greater influence on English hymnody than any other man in this century. He was born in London, in 1818, the son of a clergyman, and went to Trinity College, Cambridge. Ten times he gained the Seatonian prize poem, a feat without a parallel. After his ordination, he devoted himself unceasingly to ministerial and literary work. His power both as a poet and a linguist were remarkable. Besides his general works, his publications on the Eastern Church are of great value. He had unequalled power in translating hymns from other languages, retaining the force and fire of the original, and often the metre in which they were written[1]. We need only

"Have mercy on us, God most high."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **162**)

"My God, how wonderful Thou art."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **169**; *Church Hymns* **433**)

[1] Most of these are found in *Mediæval Hymns and Sequences* (1st edition, 1851) and *Hymns of the Eastern Church* (1st edition, 1863). The following, as being often sung, may also be noted—

"Christ is gone up; yet ere He passed."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **352**; *Church Hymns* **170**)

["Draw

add two to the many already named. The popular hymn—

"To the Name that brings Salvation
Honour, worship, laud, we pay."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 179; *Church Hymns* 536; *Hymnal Comp.* 523)

which is a translation from a Latin hymn—

Gloriosi Salvatoris nominis.

of German origin in the 15th century. And a delightful little Evening hymn—

"The day, O Lord, is spent,
Abide with us, and rest."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 21)

from his *Hymns for Children*. Soon after his marriage, Neale became Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead, where he remained and laboured for above twenty years, until his death in 1866. No mediæval

"Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 56)

(*Ancient & Mod.* 49 begins—"O come, O come, Emmanuel.") from the Latin, probably, of the 12th century.

"O sons and daughters, let us sing."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 130)

also from the Latin of the 12th century.

"Oh, what the joy and the glory must be."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 235; *Church Hymns* 476) O quanta gaudia Abelard

"Ye choirs of New Jerusalem."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 125)

from the Latin of S. Fulbert of Chartres, about 1000 A.D.

research, no wandering among the strange ordinances and phantasies of the Eastern Church, ever drew John Mason Neale away from the pure simple faith in his Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Doubtless, when we have concluded, some may well say—"We have heard nothing of such a well-known hymn, or of that great hymn-writer." We ought, as I pointed out, to avoid the risk of a mere list of names or a bare catalogue of hymns. And yet, before we turn to our two last hymn-poets, I will run that risk by simply mentioning six or seven of the best known hymns of this century and their authors.

"Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **207**; *Church Hymns* **481**; *Hymnal Comp.* **253**)

was written by Harriet Auber, who was born in London. It occurs in her work, *The Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829.

The Missionary hymn—

"Thou Whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **360**; *Church Hymns* **528**; *Hymnal Comp.* **118**)

was written in 1813 by Rev. John Marriott, a clergyman in Warwickshire.

The well-known Litany hymn—

"Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **94**; *Church Hymns* **419**; *Hymnal Comp.* **488**)

is by Rev. Isaac Williams of Oxford, the author of so many beautiful sacred pieces. This is a portion of his long poem, *The Baptistery*[1].

"The roseate hues of early dawn
The brightness of the day."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 229; *Church Hymns* 514; *Hymnal Comp.* 313)

by Cecil Frances Alexander, wife of the bishop of Derry, and the composer of so many delightful children's hymns[2].

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[1] *The Baptistery* was published in 1842. Isaac Williams was born in 1802; he became Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and afterwards Rector of Bisley. He died in 1865. Mention has already been made (see p. 108) of—

"Disposer Supreme."

He also wrote—

"O heavenly Jerusalem,
Of everlasting halls."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 429)

founded on the Latin hymn in the *Paris Breviary*—

Cælestis O Jerusalem.

"Morn of morns and day of days."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 33)

and

"Great Mover of all hearts, Whose hand."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 262)

also both on Latin hymns in the *Paris Breviary.*

[2] Especially in her excellent *Hymns for Little Children*, published in 1848. Very familiar also are these—

"Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 403; *Church Hymns* 404; *Hymnal Comp.* 318)

["When

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 257; *Church Hymns* 388; *Hymnal Comp.* 267)

by Dr Horatius Bonar of the Free Church of Scotland. It is in his first Series of *Hymns of Faith and Hope* under the heading, "The Voice from Galilee[1]."

Lastly—

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 391; *Church Hymns* 480; *Hymnal Comp.* 322)

"When wounded sore the stricken soul."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 183; *Hymnal Comp.* 121)

and these for children—

"Once in royal David's city."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 329; *Church Hymns* 576; *Hymnal Comp.* 414)

"There is a green hill far away."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 332; *Church Hymns* 577; *Hymnal Comp.* 420)

"We are but little children weak."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 331; *Church Hymns* 579)

[1] The 1st Series came out in 1857; a 2nd and 3rd Series have since appeared. In them are also the following—

"A few more years shall roll."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 288; *Church Hymns* 328; *Hymnal Comp.* 82)

"I lay my sins on Jesus."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 144)

"I was a wandering sheep."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 258; *Hymnal Comp.* 141)

"The Church has waited long."
(*Church Hymns* 508; *Hymnal Comp.* 61)

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 265; *Church Hymns* 533; *Hymnal Comp.* 467)

a hymn, which Arthur Sullivan's spirited tune has done much to make popular. It is by Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, and first appeared in 1865[1].

The two hymn-poets, whom I have reserved to the last, are John Henry Newman and Frances Ridley Havergal. Cardinal Newman has made his mark upon his generation. The time has not yet come to form the story of his life. He has himself supplied considerable material in his *Apologia*, which he put out some years ago[2]. He was born in the city of London in 1801, the son of a banker. From his very school-boy days, he was a poet and a musician. In the examinations at Oxford, he did not take the high position expected of him; while his brother Francis was a double first. But in 1823, he was elected a Fellow, and, the year after, a Tutor of Oriel College, and was thrown into that society whose members made such a stir in the religious world. With these and their movement, we have here nothing to do. For years, Newman's influence at Oxford was immense. In 1832, a change was coming over him as well as over the religious world around. Doubt and gloom hung before him. He gave up his college duties,

[1] To him is also due—

"Through the night of doubt and sorrow."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 274; *Church Hymns* 532; *Hymnal Comp.* 341)

from the Danish of Bernhardt S. Ingemann.

[2] *Apologia pro vita sua*, 1864.

he tells us, and went abroad with his friend, Hurrell Froude. During that expedition, were written the Verses which afterwards appeared in *Lyra Apostolica.* They were begun in Rome. The next year, Newman caught a fever while travelling in the interior of Sicily. Dangerously ill, and often despondent, he yet felt, he says, that he should not die. He told his servant—"I have a work to do in England." He was kept a week at Palermo waiting for a vessel. At length, he got off in an orange boat going to Marseilles. They were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. There it was he wrote the hymn—

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **266**; *Church Hymns* **409**; *Hymnal Comp.* **18**)

with which we are all so familiar. No one can read the lines, and not see how much the writer was affected by all the circumstances in which he was placed. "Lead, kindly Light" was first published in the *British Magazine,* and in 1836 in *Lyra Apostolica,* under the heading "The Pillar of the Cloud," and with the note "At sea, June 16, 1833[1]."

Another favourite hymn, by Newman, is—

"Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **172**; *Church Hymns* **487**)

[1] Also in a Collection entitled *Verses on Various Occasions,* 1868.

It occurs in a mystical, but in parts very beautiful, poem, called *The Dream of Gerontius,* published in 1856. It purposes to be the experience of the soul of Gerontius after death. The hymn is a selection from many stanzas, which are sung by five successive choirs of angels or "angelicals."

On his return from Italy, Newman threw himself into the troublous waves of that great religious movement. Other storms, borne by other winds, have arisen since then. It was not till 1845, that he joined the Roman Catholic Church. It was evident to some that he had been long drifting away. At length the strain became too great. The cables broke and he went.

The hymns of few writers have come so rapidly and deservedly into use and notice as those of Frances Ridley Havergal. She was born in 1836, at Astley in Worcestershire, of which place her father was the rector. It was from her father, the well-known author of Havergal's *Psalmody,* that she inherited her remarkable poetical and musical talents. She wrote verses at the early age of seven. Her memory was astonishing. She knew by heart the New Testament, the Psalms, and much of the Old Testament. It is said, that she could play through Handel and much of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, without notes. Her poetical inspiration was singular. At times, she could scarcely produce verses at all. At others, they sprang up, as it were,

unbidden and unsought. "I have not had a single poem come to me for some time," she writes in 1868, "till last night, when one shot into my mind. All my best have come in that way." The details of her private life are scarcely adapted to our subject. Her life was the outcome of a singularly beautiful character; a character animated by a great love for those around her and above all for her Divine Master[1]. Some of her expressions, both in prose and verse, might seem too high-flown, too emotional for this plain work-day life; but they have the true Christian tone about them.

Concerning her hymns, we note the curious fact, that there are more of them in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* than in the two other Hymnals to which we refer. Though they have points of weakness here and there, some of these hymns are very beautiful, and doubtless they will live. Such are the Advent hymn—

"Thou art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 203; *Hymnal Comp.* 71)

"Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 356; *Hymnal Comp.* 316)

and—

"I could not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 186; *Hymnal Comp.* 137)

[1] Compare *Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal*, by M. V. G. H.

The last verse is worth quoting—

"I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, 'It is I'.[1]"

I have a little theory about this one of her hymns—

"I gave My Life for thee,
My precious blood I shed[2]?"

(*Ancient & Mod.* 259; *Church Hymns* 286; *Hymnal Comp.* 304)

It will be remembered[3], that Count von Zinzendorf, the head of the Moravian body, said that he was led to devote himself to God by the sight of a picture in the

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[1] Besides those in the text, the two following are very popular—

"O Saviour, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 307)

"To Thee, O Comforter Divine."

(*Ancient & Mod.* 212)

[2] This is altered in some Hymnals to—

"Thy Life was given for me,"

but the other form was preferred by the author.

[3] See p. 112.

gallery at Düsseldorf—a picture of our Saviour crowned with thorns and the writing above it, "All this have I done for thee. What doest thou for Me?" In the *Memorials* of Frances Havergal, we are told, that this hymn first appeared in *Good Words*. It was written in Germany in 1858. She had come in weary, and she sat down opposite a picture with that motto. At once the lines flashed upon her. Now she was at school at Düsseldorf, and afterwards visited the place. It is more than probable that she was inspired by the same picture, or a copy of it, which had moved that other hymn-poet above one hundred years before.

Frances Havergal died, aged forty-two, at Swansea, in 1879. Only a few minutes before her death, while she was, as it were, lying before "the golden gates," she sang clearly though faintly, to a tune which she had herself composed, the first verse of the hymn—

"Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou can'st make me whole.
There is none in heaven, or on earth, like Thee:
Thou hast died for sinners; therefore, Lord, for me."

(*Hymnal Comp.* 159)[1]

It was as though she would carry out the high resolve of the inspired Psalmist, "I will sing praise to my God while I have my being" (Ps. civ. 33).

[1] Written by Miss M. J. Walker.

Our course of Lectures is over; my long long story is told. The solemn thought of that last line—

"Thou hast died for sinners; therefore, Lord, for me."

has been in the hearts, and, in other words, on the lips of almost all the great and various hymn-writers of whom we have spoken; Yes, when the time came that kings and bishops, judges and statesmen, ministers of the Word and monks and devoted women, in every age and in every land, had all but one common hope—the hope which is in Him. And it will be seen why I have brought together these two hymn-poets at the last, two so different as the Roman Cardinal and the humble Evangelical Christian lady, so different, and yet one in their love of Christ. They alone would almost suffice for the point I said I would try to prove—that there is, at the bottom, a wondrous unity among Christian men. Glad indeed shall I be if that true Christ-like feeling of unity shall have been traced throughout these Lectures on "Christian hymns and hymn-writers." Of that feeling may be said, what our great poet has said of prayer—

> "For so the whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

APPENDIX.

ADDITIONAL WELL-KNOWN HYMNS, WITH THEIR AUTHORS.

"Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **91**; *Church Hymns* **104**)

from the Greek of S. Andrew of Crete, translated by J. M. Neale (*Hymns of the Eastern Church*). S. Andrew, born at Damascus, about 660 A.D. became Archbishop of Crete.

"My God, I love Thee; not because
I hope for heaven thereby."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **106**; *Church Hymns* **434**)

from the Latin of Francis Xavier—

O Deus ego amo Te,

(Daniel, *Thesaurus Hymnol.* ii. 335) translated by Edward Caswall. Xavier, the great Jesuit missionary, was born in Navarre in 1506, died in the island of Sancian, near Macao, in China.

"O Lord, turn not Thy face away,
From them that lowly lie."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 93; *Church Hymns* 111; *Hymnal Comp.* 120)

by John Marckant (not by John Mardley), author of *Verses to Divers Good Purposes,* 1580. The hymn was appended to the first edition of the *Old Version* of the Psalms, 1562; it was altered by Bishop Heber.

"O Love, Who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 192; *Church Hymns* 456)

from the German—

Liebe, die du mich zum Bilde.

written in 1657 by Angelus Silesius—the name adopted by Johann Scheffler, born at Breslau in Silesia in 1624: he was a physician who afterwards became a Jesuit priest. Some of his hymns were translated by John Wesley. This translation is by Miss Winkworth (*Lyra Germanica,* ii. 96).

"Jerusalem on high
My song and city is."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 233; *Church Hymns* 394; *Hymnal Comp.* 363)

part of a poem beginning—

"Sweet place, sweet place alone,
The court of God most High."

written by Samuel Crossman, a Canon of Bristol Cathedral, born in 1624: this first appeared in *The Young Man's Calling, with Divine Poems,* 1664.

"Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 209; *Hymnal Comp.* 245)

an altered form of a hymn of seven verses—

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove."

written by Simon Browne in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs,* 1720. He was born at Shepton Mallet in 1680, and became minister of the Independent Chapel in Old Jewry, London.

"Christians, awake, salute the happy morn."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 61; *Church Hymns* 77; *Hymnal Comp.* 76)

by John Byrom, born near Manchester in 1691. He became Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and F.R.S. He wrote many poems, one of which was inserted in *The Spectator* for October 6, 1714.

"Who are these, like stars appearing,
These, before God's Throne who stand?"
(*Ancient & Mod.* 427; *Church Hymns* 554; *Hymnal Comp.* 360)

from the German of Heinrich Theobald Schenk—

Wer sind die vor Gottes Throne.

He was master of a school, at Giessen in Hesse, and died in 1727. The translation is by Miss Frances E. Cox, *Sacred Hymns from the German*, 1841.

"Jesus lives; no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 140; *Church Hymns* 405; *Hymnal Comp.* 185)

from the German of Christian Fürchtegott Gellert—

Jesus lebt, mit Ihm auch ich.

which appeared in his *Spiritual Songs and Odes*, 1757. He was born in Saxony in 1715, and became Professor of Poetry and Philosophy at Leipsic. The translation is by Miss Frances E. Cox, 1841.

"Far from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 231)

by Anne Steele, born in 1716, the daughter of a Baptist minister, at Broughton, Hampshire. This hymn appeared in her *Poems on Subjects chiefly Devotional*, 1760; likewise the hymn—

"Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies."
(*Hymnal Comp.* 277)

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 196; *Church Hymns* 376; *Hymnal Comp.* 329)

from the Welsh of William Williams. He was born near Llandovery in Caermarthenshire in 1717; after being ordained deacon, he joined the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, among whom he was a noted preacher. The first verse, as translated by Rev. Peter Williams, was adopted by the author who completed the four English stanzas in 1774.

"All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **300**; *Church Hymns* **330**; *Hymnal Comp.* **499**)

by Edward Perronet, a friend of the Wesleys, and for a time one of their preachers; later a preacher in Lady Huntingdon's connexion. The hymn was written about 1780. The well-known tune "Miles' Lane" was written for it by William Shrubsole.

"O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **283**; *Church Hymns* **459**; *Hymnal Comp.* **124**)

by Thomas Haweis, published in 1792. He was born in 1734, at Truro; after being a physician, he became chaplain to Lady Huntingdon, and rector of a parish in Northamptonshire.

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend."

(*Ancient & Mod.* **109**; *Church Hymns* **506**; *Hymnal Comp.* **171**)

an altered form, written in 1770, by Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley, a relative of the Countess of Huntingdon, of part of a hymn by James Allen beginning—

"While my Jesus I'm possessing."

This latter appeared in *The Kendal Hymn Book*, 1757, of which Allen was the editor. Allen became one of Lady Huntingdon's preachers, and afterwards a preacher on his own account in Yorkshire.

"O let him, whose sorrow
No relief can find."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **286**; *Church Hymns* **471**)

from the German—

Wenn in Leidenstagen.

(Bunsen, *Gesangbuch*, No. 333) by Henry Sigismund Oswald, who was born in Silesia, 1751, and became a Prussian privy councillor. The translation is by Miss Frances E. Cox, 1841.

"Fountain of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are."
(*Hymnal Comp.* **50**)

in some Hymnals this begins—

"Father of mercies, God of love."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **388**)

written by Alice Flowerdew. She was the widow of a

government official in Jamaica, and kept a school in London. The hymn appeared in an edition of her *Poems* published in 1811.

"Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **302**; *Church Hymns* **352**)

altered by J. M. Neale from a hymn by Job Hupton beginning—

"Come, ye saints, and raise an anthem."

Hupton was one of Lady Huntingdon's itinerant preachers, afterwards a Baptist minister in Norfolk; he died in 1849, at the age of eighty-eight.

"Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **318**; *Church Hymns* **203**; *Hymnal Comp.* **388**)

by Josiah Conder, the first editor of *The Congregational Hymn Book*, 1836. He was born in 1789, and was a most prolific writer.

"Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **281**; *Church Hymns* **410**: *Hymnal Comp.* **330**)

by James Edmeston, a London architect, died in 1867. He wrote a very large number of hymns. The above

appeared in his *Sacred Lyrics*, 1821; he was also the author of—

"Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal."
(*Church Hymns* **28**; *Hymnal Comp.* **23**)

"Father of heaven, Whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **164**; *Church Hymns* **359**; *Hymnal Comp.* **254**)

by Rev. Edward Cooper, the rector of a parish in Staffordshire, who died in 1833. The hymn appears in Collections as early as 1808.

"We love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **242**; *Church Hymns* **540**; *Hymnal Comp.* **209**)

by Dr W. Bullock, Dean of Nova Scotia. It appeared in his *Songs of the Church*, 1854; but the last three verses in the above Hymnals are by Sir Henry Baker.

"Thou art the Way;—to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **199**; *Church Hymns* **526**; *Hymnal Comp.* **306**)

by the American Bishop G. W. Doane, Bishop of New Jersey, who died in 1859. This hymn appeared in his *Songs by the Way*, 1824.

"Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **267**; *Hymnal Comp.* **303**)

by Rev. John Hampden Gurney, Rector of S. Mary's, Marylebone, and Prebendary of S. Paul's, who died in 1862. It appeared in his Collection of *Hymns for Public Worship,* 1838. He was also the author of—

"Great King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **375**; *Church Hymns* **259**; *Hymnal Comp.* **38**)

and—

"We saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **174**; *Church Hymns* **541**; *Hymnal Comp.* **268**)

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **277**; *Church Hymns* **437**; *Hymnal Comp.* **312**)

by Sarah Adams, born at Cambridge in 1805, the daughter of Benjamin Flower, editor of *The Cambridge Intelligencer.* This hymn, with others, appeared in 1841.

"O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **59**; *Church Hymns* **85**; *Hymnal Comp.* **77**)

from the Latin—

Adeste fideles,
Læti triumphantes.

probably of the 17th or 18th century, said to have been taken from a *Graduale* of the Cistercian monks. The above is altered from the translation by Rev. Frederick Oakeley (1841) beginning—

"Ye faithful, approach ye."

"Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **304**; *Church Hymns* **354**; *Hymnal Comp.* **225**)

by Matthew Bridges, who joined the Roman Catholic Church in 1847. It appeared in a book of hymns, *The Passion of Jesus*, 1852. He is also the author of—

"Behold the Lamb!
O Thou for sinners slain."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **187**; *Church Hymns* **336**)

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old."
(*Church Hymns* **82**; *Hymnal Comp.* **367**)

by Edmund Hamilton Sears, an American Unitarian minister, born in Massachusetts in 1810.

"In token that thou shalt not fear,
Christ crucified to own."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **328**; *Church Hymns* **227**; *Hymnal Comp.* **400**)

by the late Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury. The

above appeared in 1832; but this and most of his well-known hymns are to be found in his Collection entitled, *The Year of Praise*, 1867. He was also the author of—

"Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest home."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **382**; *Church Hymns* **276**; *Hymnal Comp.* **51**)

and—

"Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **222**; *Hymnal Comp.* **72**)

"Hark, the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **436**; *Church Hymns* **199**; *Hymnal Comp.* **370**)

by Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., the present Bishop of Lincoln. This hymn appeared in *The Holy Year* (1st edition, 1862). Others by him are—

"Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to heaven and voices raise."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **137**; *Church Hymns* **127**; *Hymnal Comp.* **187**)

"O day of rest and gladness."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **36**; *Church Hymns* **45**; *Hymnal Comp.* **191**)

"O Lord of heaven and earth and sea."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **365**; *Church Hymns* **285**; *Hymnal Comp.* **372**)

and—

"See the Conqueror mounts in triumph."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **148**; *Church Hymns* **147**; *Hymnal Comp.* **222**)

"Days and moments quickly flying
Speed us onward to the dead."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 239; *Church Hymns* 88; *Hymnal Comp.* 85)

by the Rev. Edward Caswall, who in 1847 joined the Roman Catholic Church. Many of his admirable translations have been before noted. The above appeared in *The Masque of Mary and other Poems*, 1858. He is also the author of—

"Glory be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 107; *Church Hymns* 369)

taken from the Italian "*Viva! Viva! Gesù*," probably of the 18th century. And of—

"The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 17; *Hymnal Comp.* 20)

and many others, mainly derived from later Latin hymns.

"There is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 230; *Church Hymns* 517; *Hymnal Comp.* 233)

by the late Sir Henry Williams Baker, Bart., Vicar of Monkland, and Chairman of the committee of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. For that Hymnal, most of his hymns and translations were written. Some have been already mentioned; others are—

"Lord, Thy Word abideth."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **243**; *Church Hymns* **426**)

"Rejoice to-day with one accord."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **378**; *Hymnal Comp.* **53**)

"The King of love my Shepherd is."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **197**; *Church Hymns* **512**; *Hymnal Comp.* **395**)

Two lines of this hymn were the last words uttered by the author just before his death—

"And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me."

"Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **194**; *Church Hymns* **397**; *Hymnal Comp.* **423**)

by Rev. George Rundle Prynne, Vicar of St Peter's, Plymouth.

"For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **73**; *Church Hymns* **89**; *Hymnal Comp.* **84**)

by Rev. Henry Downton, Rector of Hopton, Suffolk, for many years chaplain at Geneva. To him is also due the Missionary hymn—

"Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping,
When shall earth Thy rule obey?"
(*Ancient & Mod.* **362**; *Church Hymns* **292**; *Hymnal Comp.* **110**)

"O Jesu, Thou art standing,
Outside the fast-closed door."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **198**; *Church Hymns* **451**; *Hymnal Comp.* **156**)

by Bishop William Walsham How, the present bishop of Bedford, appeared first in the Collection of which he was one of the compilers in 1854. He also wrote—

"For all the Saints who from their labours rest."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **437**; *Church Hymns* **196**; *Hymnal Comp.* **354**)

"O Word of God Incarnate."
(*Church Hymns* **462**; *Hymnal Comp.* **263**)

and—

"We give Thee but Thine own."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **366**; *Church Hymns* **287**; *Hymnal Comp.* **373**)

"Thou art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **149**; *Church Hymns* **525**; *Hymnal Comp.* **224**)

by the late Emma Toke, wife of Rev. Nicholas Toke. This and other hymns were written in 1851 for the S.P.C.K. Collection.

"Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **370**; *Church Hymns* **321**; *Hymnal Comp.* **533**)

This hymn, "For those at sea," which, with Dykes' tune *Melita,* is so popular, was written by William Whiting, long Master of Winchester College Choristers' School. It appeared in the first edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern,* 1860.

"The strife is o'er, the battle done,
The victory of life is won."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 135; *Church Hymns* 139; *Hymnal Comp.* 180)

by Rev. Francis Pott, Rector of Northill, Bedfordshire, founded on a Latin hymn, probably of the 12th century—

Finita jam sunt prælia.

He is also the author of—

"The year is gone beyond recall."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 72; *Church Hymns* 93)

from a Latin hymn in the *Meaux Breviary.*

"Saviour, Blessed Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 305; *Church Hymns* 493; *Hymnal Comp.* 342)

by Rev. Godfrey Thring, Rector of Alford with Hornblotton, Somersetshire, and Prebendary of Wells. An excellent Hymnal, *The Church of England Hymn Book* (new edition), was published by him in 1882. To him are also due—

"Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 285; *Hymnal Comp.* 535)

and—

"The radiant morn hath passed away."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 19; *Church Hymns* 16)

"Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise."
(*Ancient & Mod.* 31; *Church Hymns* 27; *Hymnal Comp.* 214)

by Rev. John Ellerton, Rector of Barnes, author of many beautiful hymns, as—

"Now the labourer's task is o'er."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **401**; *Church Hymns* **247**; *Hymnal Comp.* **482**)

"Our day of praise is done."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **30**; *Church Hymns* **42**; *Hymnal Comp.* **197**)

"Thine for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **280**; *Church Hymns* **523**; *Hymnal Comp.* **282**)

by Mrs Mary Fawler Maude, wife of Rev. J. Maude, formerly Vicar of Chirk, near Ruabon, first appeared in 1848.

"As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **79**; *Church Hymns* **94**; *Hymnal Comp.* **93**)

by William Chatterton Dix, born in Bristol, appeared in the first edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1860. He has written many other hymns, among them—

"Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the Sceptre, His the Throne."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **316**; *Church Hymns* **332**)

"At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay."
(*Ancient & Mod.* **20**; *Church Hymns* **18**; *Hymnal Comp.* **19**)

by Rev. Henry Twells, Rector of Waltham, Leicestershire, appeared in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1868.

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